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"Justice, I accept thy terms."

WALKS OF USEFULNESS.

BY

JOHN CAMPBELL.

IMPROVED EDITION.



BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY HEATH & GRAVES,

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P R E F A C E

TO THE

SECOND AMERICAN EDITION.

A GOOD and sufficient reason for giving the "Walks of Usefulness" to the American public, is found in the various lessons taught us in the picture fronting the title-page. One chief lesson, reaching the heart through the eyes, is that, by the unmeasured grace of God, manifest in the doctrines and death of the Messiah, every believer is Christ's, and hence that he must now, constrained by the love of God, be momentarily useful. To furnish hints adapted to aid a Christian in doing good, wherever he may be, whatever he may be doing, in each successive moment of his life upon earth, is the design of the following book. Of one thing we feel certain; those who are active in sending the book forth have an expectation that it will be

successful in giving the aid mentioned, and that flowing from its pages, through the direction of divine Providence, and the power of the divine Spirit, will be felt an influence greatly increasing the zeal, faith and humility of professed Christians. In an effort to introduce a book well adapted to stimulate the reader to do a useful work in each individual moment of his life, whilst he always acknowledges his dependence upon divine power for a disposition to labor and for success, there are many persons who deeply sympathize,—persons who have received such discipline from the hands of the supremely Good, as to be greatly and mostly anxious to have treasures in the unseen world. By such persons the re-perusal of the book is certain ; and their recommendation of it, it is anticipated, will be accompanied with prayers that the instructions of its pages will become controlling over the minds of the readers, leading them to a new dedication of themselves to the service of Christ.

In the hands of the young, who have lately been promoted to the exalted position of loving the light of truth and the yoke of Christ, it is desired that, in addition to other influences, the book may lead to the formation of correct religious habits. The

value of Christlike *habits* of piety may have received only an inconsiderable portion of the attention of the modern church. When attention shall be given to them, in connection with an effort on the part of the church to develop, strengthen and direct, to a degree of completeness as yet unattained, the powers of usefulness brought within its pale by the accession of new members, then the value of correct religious habits will be as highly esteemed as their efficiency is seen to be far-reaching, constant and cumulative. If a habit of momentary usefulness, connected with the belief that God can be worshipped by our gifts and services, poor and imperfect at the best, becomes fixed in those now young in the church, "to grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength," influencing their elder brethren, and descending as a priceless legacy to those who may come after them, an end will be achieved, through the riches of heavenly goodness, over which the spirits of the just made perfect may rejoice. The following portrait of Walks of Usefulness, it is devoutly prayed, may contribute to the adoption of such a mode of life, and thus greatly increase the piety and peace, and augment the power to do good, of the many thousands of young Christians

now receiving a life-long impression of practical godliness in the churches, whom may the Saviour teach to be strong in himself, as he taught his youngest disciple John; and as Paul taught Timothy and Titus. M. M. D.

BOSTON, MASS., 1853.

P R E F A C E .

THE following work was begun under a strong conviction that much more might be done for the salvation of men than has yet been accomplished or perhaps attempted. If every Christian were to consider himself a missionary from God to such perishing men as he has access to,—which he certainly is,—much good might be done every day. If every nobleman, and every gentleman not engaged in business, and who knows the grace of Jesus Christ, were acting according to the example set before them in this publication, the attention of the careless poor would be much more directed to divine subjects than at present is the case.

Perhaps some may object to this method of doing good as rather a mean and degrading employment for a man of rank. To this it may be replied, that not a few men of rank frequently

stoop to meaner practice, and to obtain an infinitely less important object. But there can be no degradation in their attending to the practice here recommended; for it is their duty to "condescend to men of low estate," and it will finally redound to their honor; for those "who are wise, and turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever."

But I would not only urge the practice on those who move in higher circles, but upon all the friends of Jesus, from the prince down to the pauper in the parish work-house, and can assure them, from some experience and observation, that there is little danger of their meeting with abusive language, or any interruption from those whom they may address, if they do it with prudence and affection.

Let not females suppose that their sex exempts them from attending to this important concern. Providence presents opportunities of usefulness to them as well as to men; and it is of importance for them also to occupy their talents till Christ shall come.

I am persuaded that many are deterred from entering this wide field of usefulness, from an apprehension that insurmountable difficulties are in

the way, rather than from an aversion to the work. It is hoped that the examples contained in these pages will convince them that their fears are groundless.

The satisfaction of mind which a person so employed might enjoy every evening, while reflecting on the occurrences of the day, would richly compensate for all the toil and trouble; for he who watereth others, from love to Jesus and to them, will find his own soul like a well-watered garden, or a field which the Lord hath blessed. The good man shall be satisfied from himself.

If this work commends itself to our consciences as a good work, let us covet earnestly the requisite gifts for performing it; let us meditate much on the eternal and astonishing love of God to sinners; on the arduous work which the Son of God accomplished for their redemption; on the shortness of the period allotted to us for honoring God in such a way; and on the awful and endless miseries which saved sinners escape, and the inconceivable glories to which they are raised. If these things dwell richly and powerfully in our minds, whether we move in the higher or lower circles of life, we shall feel disposed and fitted for this important service.

Though I have presented these Walks of Useful-

ness to the public, I have to confess, with shame, that they describe in many instances, what might have been done, rather than what, in many cases, I have really done. It is my sincere desire that they may excite both the writer and the reader to greater exertions for the welfare of others, and to a more constant and ardent imitation of the bright example of the Friend of sinners, who had compassion on the ignorant, and on them that were out of the way; who went about doing good; and of whom it is said, "the common people heard him gladly."

KINGLAND.

J. C.

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THE WELCH PREACHER.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

BEING invited, by Rev. Mr. —, to sup with a company of his brethren in the ministry, I met with the pastor of a Welch church. He was an entire stranger to the company, and silently attentive to the conversation of his brethren. The conversation turned on the different strains of public preaching. Several having given their opinion, and mentioned individuals as models as to style of composition, &c., turning to the Welch stranger, I inquired his opinion.

“I feel it a *privilege*,” said he, “to be *silent* when such men are discoursing; but I feel it a *duty* to comply with your request. But if I must give my opinion, I should say that you have no good preachers in England.”

“No good preachers?” said I.

“No ; that is, I mean no such preachers as we have in the principality.”

“I know you are famous for jumping in Wales ; but that is not owing, I suppose, so much to the strain of preaching which the people hear, as to the enthusiasm of their characters.”

“Indeed, sir, you would jump, too, if you heard and understood such preaching.”

“Do you think,” said Mr. L——, “that I could make them jump if I were to preach to them ?”

“You make them jump ? Why, sir, a Welchman would set fire to the world, while you Englishmen are lighting your match.”

The whole company became intensely interested in this new turn of conversation, and solicited from the stranger a specimen of the manner and style of preaching in the principality.

“Specimen I cannot give you ;—if John Elias were here, he would give you a specimen indeed. O, John Elias is a great preacher !”

“Well,” said the company, “give us something that you have heard from him.”

“O, no! I cannot do justice to him; — besides, do you understand the Welch language?”

“Not so as to follow a discourse,” was the reply.

“Then it would be impossible for you to understand it, were I to give you a specimen.”

“But cannot you put it into English?” was the query.

“O, your poor, meagre language would spoil it! It is not capable of expressing those ideas which a Welchman can conceive. I cannot give you a specimen in English, without spoiling it.”

But the interest of the company had become so intense, that nothing would do but something of a specimen. They promised to make every allowance for language.

“Well,” said the Welchman, “if you must have a piece, I will try. But I don’t know what to give you. I do not recollect any piece from John Elias; he is our best preacher. I

must think a little. Well, I recollect a piece of Christmas Evans. Christmas Evans is a good preacher, and I heard him a little time ago at an association of ministers. He was preaching on the depravity of man by sin, and of his recovery by the death of Christ."

"Brethren," said he, "if I were to represent to you in a figure the condition of man as a sinner, and the means of his recovery by the cross of Jesus Christ, I should represent it somewhat in this way. Suppose a large graveyard, surrounded by a high wall, with only one entrance, which is by a large iron gate, *fast bolted*. Within these walls are thousands and tens of thousands of human beings, of all ages and of all classes, by one epidemic disease bending to the grave; — the grave yawns to swallow them, and they must all die. There is no balm to relieve them, no physician there; they *must* perish. This is the condition of man as a sinner; — all, all have sinned, and 'the soul that sinneth it shall die.'

"While man was in this deplorable state, *Mercy*, the darling attribute of Deity, came

down and stood at the gate, looked at the scene and wept over it, exclaiming,

“ ‘O that I might enter ! I would bind up their wounds, I would relieve their sorrows, I would save their souls !’

“ While Mercy stood weeping at the gate, an embassy of angels, commissioned from the court of heaven to some other world, passing over, paused at the sight, and Heaven forgave that pause ; and seeing Mercy standing there, they cried,

“ ‘ Mercy, Mercy, can you not enter ? Can you look upon this scene, and not pity ? Can you pity, and not relieve ?’

“ Mercy replied, ‘ I *can* see ;’ and in her tears she added, ‘ I can pity, but I cannot relieve.’

“ ‘ Why can you not enter ?’

“ ‘ O,’ said Mercy, ‘ Justice has barred the gate against me, and I cannot, must not unbar it !’

“ At this moment Justice himself appeared, as it were to watch the gate. The angels inquired of him,

“ ‘ Why will you not let Mercy in ?’

“Justice replied, ‘My law is broken, and it must be honored. Die *they* or *Justice* must!’

“At this, there appeared a form among the angelic band, like unto the Son of God, who, addressing himself to Justice, said,

“‘What are thy demands?’

“Justice replied, ‘My terms are stern and rigid; I must have sickness for their health; I must have ignominy for their honor; I must have death for life. “*Without shedding of blood there is no remission.*”’

“‘Justice, *I accept thy terms.* On me be this wrong, and let Mercy enter.’

“‘When,’ said Justice, ‘will you perform this promise?’

“‘Four thousand years hence, upon the hill of Calvary, without the gates of Jerusalem, I will perform it in my own person.’

“The deed was prepared and signed in the presence of the angels of God; — Justice was satisfied, and Mercy entered, preaching *salvation* in the name of Jesus. The deed was committed to the patriarchs; by them to the kings of Israel and the prophets; by them it

was preserved till Daniel's seventy weeks were accomplished ; then, at the appointed time, Justice appeared on the hill of Calvary, and Mercy presented to him the important deed.

“ ‘Where,’ said Justice, ‘is the Son of God ?’ ”

“ Mercy answered, ‘Behold him at the bottom of the hill, bearing his own cross.’ ”

“ And then she departed, and stood aloof at the hour of trial. Jesus ascended the hill, while in his train followed his weeping church. Justice immediately presented him with the deed, saying,

“ ‘This is the day when this bond is to be executed.’ ”

“ When he received it, did he tear it in pieces and give it to the winds of heaven ? No, he nailed it to his cross, exclaiming, ‘It is finished.’ ”

“ Justice called on holy fire to come down and consume the sacrifice. Holy fire descended ; — it swallowed his humanity, but when it touched his Deity, it expired ! and there was darkness over the whole heavens ;

but 'glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace, good will to men.'

"This," said the Welchman, "this is but a specimen of Christmas Evans."

WALKS OF USEFULNESS.

I.

On the Conduct of Diogenes. — Walk in Search of a Wise Man. — Conversation with a Beggar. — A Watchman.

A FEW evenings ago, I was conversing with some friends on the strange conduct of Diogenes, the Cynic philosopher, who went at high noon into the market place at Athens, with a lighted candle and lantern in his hand, and who, when asked what he sought for, answered, "*An honest man!*" When I went to bed, I first dreamed of Diogenes, and then supposed that I set out upon a similar excursion along the streets of ——. I accosted the first person I met, and inquired "whether he had worshipped his God that morning."

He bluntly told me he had not, upon which I replied,

“You are not a wise man ; for you have neither thanked God for preserving you the past night, nor solicited his protection and direction during this day. God may thereby be provoked to protect you no more ; and he may permit you to make some losing bargains in business to-day ; for he who trusts to his own understanding in any matter is a fool, since he might have had the aid of infinite wisdom to teach him to transact his business with discretion ; wherefore, friend, be wise, and consider these things.”

After this I moved forward to a second person, of whom I inquired, “whether he had read any part of the Scriptures to-day.”

“No,” said he, “I have not seen a Bible since last Sunday.”

“Then, friend,” said I, “you have not obeyed the counsels of Wisdom, for she recommends waiting daily at her gates, and listening to her instructions.”

He assured me he had no leisure for such matters.

I asked, “if he ever found leisure to attend to his business, or to keep his books.”

“Yes, sure ; for were I not to do that my family would suffer.”

“Ay, but if you neglect the other your own soul will suffer, and be ruined forever.” He shrugged his shoulders and walked off.

I then stopped a man who was running along full speed. When he stood still I perceived he was almost out of breath. I made bold to ask him, “why he made such haste.”

He said “he was afraid he should be too late at market, and that his neighbors would have bought up everything.”

“Now, friend, tell me, was you ever as much in earnest after God and eternal life?”

On hearing the question he was for running off, without making any answer, but I detained him till he confessed “he had never been much concerned either to seek God or obtain eternal life; that other pursuits engrossed all his attention.”

“But,” said I, “you can have no other pursuit of so much importance as to have the enjoyment of God’s friendship, and the hope of eternal life.”

“That may be all very true, but to market I must run just now,” and away he went in great haste.

The next person with whom I engaged in conversation, was a poor BEGGAR, sitting by the wayside. I inquired, “how long he had been in the practice of begging.”

“More than twenty years,” said he.

“And, pray, how much of these twenty years has been employed in begging spiritual and eternal riches from God?”

“Very little, indeed,” said the poor man.

“What account will you be able to render to God for having begged so long, and with such earnestness, for a few pence, while you neglected to solicit him to pardon your sins, to sanctify your soul, and to give you an inheritance among his people?”

Here he shook his head and said, “I know not.”

“Before I leave you, listen to this advice; seek not only for the bread that perishes with

the using, but for that also which endureth to everlasting life."

Determining not to be idle, I looked round in order to fix upon some person with whom I might next converse. Observing a WATCHMAN moving slowly along, I went forward to him and inquired, "what he had been about, for he seemed much fatigued."

"No wonder I am fatigued," said he, "having been on watch the whole of last night, which was both cold and boisterous."

"Well, friend," said I, "tell me what occupied your thoughts most during the long and tedious night."

"I thought chiefly how I might keep myself dry and warm."

"But did you think nothing of the dark and doleful night of death?"

"No, sir, indeed I did not."

"But you must think of it soon, for I see there are gray hairs here and there upon your head." Upon which he took off his hat and

combed down his hair with his fingers, but made no reply.

“Now do converse with me, friend; I shall not detain you long from breakfast. Tell me, do you ever look up to the starry heavens, to view them as proclaiming the glory of the great Creator and Supporter?”

“Indeed, sir, to tell you the truth, I never thought much about these things; only I said one night to my neighbor, Tom Thellison, that I wished all the stars were so brought together as to make one tolerable moon that would shine every night for us; and Tom said it was a happy thought.”

“Are you not very thankful when the moonlight nights arrive?”

“Indeed I am,” said the watchman.

“But had you always moonlight, you would, perhaps, not be thankful for it one minute during the three hundred and sixty-five nights of the year; so God teaches us the value of some of his mercies by depriving us of them for a while. Instead of murmuring against God for withdrawing his moon from us now and then, we should rather thank him that he does not

withdraw the sun for the half of every month. Were he to do so, this would be a much more gloomy world than it is.

"You watch the street lest the inhabitants should be robbed of their property, do you not?"

"To be sure. I am not watching to prevent the houses running away."

"Be serious, friend; are you ever afraid of being robbed of your soul's happiness?"

"Who can rob me of that?"

"The devil."

"How?"

"By keeping you from serious thoughts about it, from reading the Scriptures, from hearing the gospel preached, that when you die he may get your soul to his awful prison of hell. If you were once acquainted with God, he could make your watch-box a kind of Bethel, as a house of God, a gate of heaven; then, instead of longing for morning light, you would wonder how soon the darkness passed and was gone."

"If that were the case," said he, "I should be a much happier man than I am at present;

for in these long nights I become tired and fretful, and as angry as a tiger, and I go home and scold my wife, and that makes us all miserable and unhappy; for, by my usage of her, I teach her to scold me as I scold her."

"Go home, now," said I, "and think upon these things." He took my advice and went away very thoughtful.

II.

Conversation with a Lady. — A Mole-catcher. — Boy and Bird's-nest. — Angler.

THE first person I met, on walking a little distance from London, was a lady, elegantly dressed, who was almost afraid to let her feet touch the ground.

"Madam," said I, "excuse me if I ask, what employed your thoughts this morning, before you left home."

"Sir," said she, "if I must tell you, I have

been thinking a great deal about a foolish mantua-maker, who has completely spoiled my gown."

"But, in a morning, should not some more important matter engage our attention; such, for example, as the worth of the soul, the glory of God, the value of a Saviour, the morning of the resurrection, a judgment to come, &c.?"

This made her serious for a moment; but, by forcing a little courage, she asked, with a sneer,

"Should we always be thinking about these things?"

"In heaven," said I, "they are always contemplating the things of God, and they are far from being unhappy. If we do not think always of them, we should certainly think sometimes, and no time more proper than in the morning, when we are entering upon a new day; it would prepare our minds for repelling the temptations and escaping the snares to which we may be exposed during the day; it might furnish suitable and useful matter for conversation with friends whom we may meet."

"But, sir, I do not like to think of such

things ; and though I did, I should not know what to think of them, for I know but little of them."

"I perceive, madam, you stand in need of a new heart and a new spirit from God ; without these, you cannot see the glories of the King, or the kingdom of God."

"Then, according to your account of me, I am blind."

"Yes, madam, and would to God you knew it ! Then would you come to Jesus in prayer to open the eyes of your understanding, that you might behold the wondrous things contained in his law. After this, you would order the fashions and follies of this vain world to retire to the background ; then you would be desirous to obtain wisdom from God, who has promised to bestow this blessing on them who seek it of him."

"Do you then consider me as a fool, sir ?"

"I do not consider you as possessed of that true wisdom that cometh from above. Pray, madam, did you ever laugh, in the theatre, at their droll representations of drunkenness and debauchery ?"

“To be sure I have ; and, were the gravest philosopher in Europe there, he would laugh too.”

“Well, madam, by your own confession you make a jest of sin ; and God pronounces all fools who do so.”

“If you were present yourself,” said she, “be you who you may, my word for it, you would laugh as heartily as any person in the house.”

“Lest I should do so, I will not go ; for I am taught to pray unto God, ‘Lead me not into temptation ;’ consequently I must not rush into it myself. Likewise, when a person has frequently laughed at a vice, he will not afterwards hold it in great abhorrence. These theatrical representations ruin the morals of the age, and bring down judgments on the nation.”

“Stop, stop ! you are carrying the matter too far ; for if you go on with that kind of reasoning, you will make us out to be a very wicked nation indeed !”

“Yes, madam, we are a sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity.”

“Pray, where have you come from this morning?” said the lady.

“I have come, madam, from my closet, where I poured out my soul unto my God, beseeching him that he would enable me to do some good to-day in the world; and by this conversation I am desirous of doing good to you; and that you may be prevailed on to cease to do evil, and may learn to do well.”

Upon this a young lady came frisking along, and calling out to the person with whom I was conversing,

“O, madam, I am glad I have met you; the company are all waiting, and wondering what has detained you!” On which the lady walked off to her company.

A GARDENER was the next person who attracted my attention. He was carrying a number of young trees under his arm. I asked,

“Where did those trees grow?”

He told me they had grown in his employer's nursery.

"Is it not wonderful," said I, "that such trees should grow at all?"

"No," said he; "our ground is remarkably good, and we give it plenty of manure."

"True, friend; but both the ground and manure are dead; is it not, therefore, wonderful that they can send up such beautiful trees, bearing flowers and fruit?"

"All good ground does that," said he.

"Very true; but supposing that not one tree or shrub, or anything, had risen out of the ground from the beginning of the world till the present day, and that now, for the first time, we had observed all these things springing up from the earth, what should we have thought?"

"Indeed, sir, I cannot tell; perhaps we should have thought that there were a number of ingenious people, under ground, sending them up; and, probably, curiosity would have prompted us to have dug down and examined the cause."

"Then you will allow that some Being sends the plants up?"

"Surely, sir, and it must be God; for all

the gardeners in the universe could not make a tulip."

"Well said, gardener ! you are the wisest man I have met with to-day. Can you inform me, gardener, how many different kinds of flowers there are ?"

"No, I cannot, for they are innumerable ; there is not a man alive who has seen them all ; and we are getting new flowers from abroad every year."

"Do you think that any gardener could invent a new flower, completely different from all that God has formed ?"

"No, I believe not ; for variety is exhausted."

"But could not God produce, in a moment, as great a variety as he has done already, perfectly different from all which at present exist ?"

"No doubt he could ; for no bounds can be set to infinite wisdom and power. He could create a thousand worlds in the twinkling of an eye, as large as this one, and not two of them in the least resembling each other."

"Did you ever reflect, gardener, that it

requires the same power to destroy a world that was requisite to produce it ? ”

“ No, I do not think I ever did ; but I perceive it must be so ; for, though all the men in the world were to set about destroying it, they could only dig a few holes in it, which would soon be filled with water, and then they must give over digging. But He who said, ‘ Let there be light, and there was light,’ could have said again, Let there be no light, and instantly there would have been nothing but darkness.”

“ Do you think that God alone can change the heart ? ”

Here he said, emphatically, “ I am sure none else can, for I have often attempted, but in vain, to change my heart ; nor can any man do it for me ; but I went to God, and the old heart melted down before him, and he gave me a heart to fear and love him.”

Thus I found the gardener a much wiser man than, at the beginning of the conversation, I expected to find him.

A man near me was telling another that he was a MOLE-CATCHER. Turning about to him, I said,

“Friend, you will be able to tell me whether it be a true report that I have heard of the mole, that it hath no eyes.”

“O,” said he, “that is all false ; their eyes are small, but they can see as well as you or I ; indeed, I sometimes think they both see and hear too well, for I find it very difficult to get hold of them.”

“The Bible declares that all men are born blind ; do you consider that a true report ?”

“Not I,” said he ; “it is almost the reverse ; for there are very few born blind.”

“Do you not think that some men are blind to their own interest ?”

“Yes,” said he, “many, and I am one myself ; for had I taken my father’s advice, and gone to the business which he recommended, I might have been riding to-day in my carriage.”

“Well, that is a proof of blindness as it respects the things of this life ; but do you not think that all men are by nature blind to the

importance and glory of the things of God? — blind to the worth of the soul, the beauty of holiness, and necessity of a Redeemer? Did you ever know one who naturally preferred these things to the vanities of this world?"

"Such a one," said he, "would be fit to be placed in a museum of curiosities."

"Take care, then, friend, that you be not more blind than the mole, to your own immortal interests."

Looking to his companion, he said, "What do you think of all this divinity? Is not the man perfectly sound?"

"Yes," said he; "and if he be right, you and I are both wrong."

Looking about me, I perceived a little BOY carrying a BIRD'S-NEST. Persuaded that the soul of this boy was as valuable as the soul of an emperor, I considered it my duty to endeavor to be of service to him. For this purpose I asked him,

"What do you carry in your hand?"

"A bird's-nest," said he, smiling.

“Who made that nest?”

“A bullfinch.”

“Who taught it to make the nest so neatly?”

“Its father, I suppose,” said the boy.

“No such thing; for all the bullfinches in the world build them exactly in the same manner; and the young ones build their first nest as neatly as the old ones build their last. Now, are not the oldest scholars at your school better readers than those who came to school last week?”

“Yes, surely,” said he.—“Who was it, then, who taught the bullfinch to build its nest?”

“It was God; and he will teach you to do greater things than he teaches the bullfinch, if you get acquainted with him. But is it not cruel to take away the nest from the bullfinch?”

“No; what cruelty is there in it?”

“When you go to your bed-room to-night, should you find that some person had run off with your bed, would you not be sorry? The poor bullfinch will not have a nest to sleep in

to-night, because you have taken it away ; she will likewise have to lament the loss of her young ones ; and were you now near her, you would hear her uttering some doleful notes, lamenting over a lost nest, and a lost family."

On telling him these things, the tears came trickling down his cheeks.

"I see," said I, "you are weeping because you injured the bullfinch ; did you ever weep because you have offended your God, who gave you life, and health, and every good thing that ever you had ? Go home and get acquainted with Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners, and through him you shall obtain pardon of all your sins, and he will wipe away, forever, all tears from your eyes."

Perceiving a MAN ANGLING at a little distance, I hastened toward him. To introduce a conversation, I inquired,

"Have you caught many fish this morning ?"

"No," said he, "they will not take the bait."

“Did you ever hear of people being sent out to fish for men?”

“No,” said he, smiling.

“What, have you never read in the New Testament that Jesus said to his disciples, ‘I will make you fishers of men?’”

“Yes,” said he, “I have, but I never knew the meaning of it.”

“The Son of God pitied man, and provided a net, called the Gospel. With this net he sent his apostles into all the world, that by means of it they might drag or compel men to come out of the kingdom of darkness into that of God’s dear Son. Their preaching the gospel might be compared to throwing a net into the sea, and every sinner that believed their message, resembled a fish caught in their kindly net. Many who heard them were as reluctant to receive the truths they delivered, as the fishes in the river are to take your bait. You fish for the destruction of animals, but they preached for the salvation of men.”

“How long,” said he, “did these apostles continue to fish for men?”

“To the day of their death,” said I; “and

they left their net, the Bible, behind them in the world, which has continued to catch men for more than seventeen hundred years, and shall not be withdrawn from the world till the Son of God shall return to receive all who have been caught, into his everlasting habitation; and, my friend, allow me to assure you that you will never be happy till this blessed net gets hold of you. Pray," said I, "have you an apostolic net?"

"Yes, I have," said he.

"Well, go home and examine it; the instant you truly understand it, you will find your heart caught by it."

I hope that on going home he looked into the Scriptures with new eyes.

III.

Walk in the Main Street. — Conversation with two Gentlemen. — A Fish-woman. — A Goldsmith. — A Physician. — A Jew. — A Fop. — A Carman.

WALKING along the main street this morning, I observed two gentlemen standing, as if amazed at something that had happened.

“Pray, gentlemen,” said I, “what is the matter?”

On which one of them informed me that a genteel dressed man had hastily come up to him, and, tipping him on the shoulder, had said,

“Pray, sir, did you ever thank God for the use of your reason?”

“No,” said I, “not particularly.”

“Well,” said he, “do it now, for I have lost mine.” On which he walked off with great speed.

“Gentlemen,” said I, “you will not forget this circumstance soon; it ought to be a

memento to you during the whole of life. Thankfulness for a blessing, and to use it to the glory of the giver, is the best way to secure the possession of it."

I was very much shocked, during the time of this conversation, by observing a FISH-WOMAN skinning a live eel, with the greatest unconcern. On inquiring how she could be so cruel as to perform that operation while the creature was alive,

"Poh," said she, "they are quite accustomed to it, for I do it every day."

"But not to the same eels," said I.

"No, that is true."

"Think, then, how you should like to have *your* skin torn from your flesh whilst you were alive. Could that poor, helpless animal speak, it would call out, O, murderer! O, the pain, torment and misery I am suffering! Rather cut off my head, and kill me outright! I am willing to be a dinner for any man, but O, do not torment me!"

The woman threw down the eel, and asked

me who I was ; for she never heard a man express pity for an eel, before. "I fear," added she, "you have prevented my skinning any more."

A man came to the stall, and asked for a skinned eel.

"There is one half skinned ; you can finish the work yourself."

He paid for it, and took it away.

"So you are a GOLDSMITH ?" said I, to a man who was listening to our conversation.

"Yes, I am," replied he.

I then inquired,

"Is all your gold equally good, when it is brought to you ?"

"No," said he, "there is some of it very bad indeed."

"Pray, what do you do with the bad gold ?"

"We refine it in the furnace."

"Well, friend, remember this," said I ; "your work, as a refiner, is emblematical of what God is doing every day to his people ; he

is purifying them in the furnace of affliction, taking away all their dross and tin, their corruptions and their sinful inclinations. Goldsmith, can you change copper into gold ? ”

“ No, I cannot. I should be a rich man if I could.”

“ Well, think of the power of Him who can make a wicked man a holy man, a careless man thoughtful, an infidel a believer. This is a work no less wonderful than changing copper into gold, or tin into silver. Examine, also, whether, in the sight of a heart-searching God, you may be called a copper or a gold man.”

While we were conversing, a man came bounce against me, with such violence that he almost knocked me down, and ran on, without taking the least notice of what he had done.

“ O,” said a person present, “ I fancy that is a pickpocket, who has broke out of prison.”

“ What a mercy,” said I, “ it would be if every man was as eager to run from the prison of sin, to obtain the marvellous liberty of the sons of God ! Christ came on purpose to open

prison doors, and to set prisoners free from their confinement; but multitudes are so enamored with the chains with which they are bound, that they will not accept of deliverance. But remember, my friends, 'if the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed.' "

"There," says the goldsmith, "there goes a PHYSICIAN; you had better give him a word of advice, for he requires it as much as any one."

I went, and asked him if he had ever cured any of his patients.

"Yes," said he, "thousands."

"Now, answer this inquiry, have you cured yourself?"

"Myself! I have no disease, and never had!"

"Is your soul, sir, in good health?"

"It has no pulse, sir; how shall I know whether it is whole or sick?"

"Very easily; think whether it be a holy soul, or not; whether it is seeking after heavenly wisdom, as for hidden treasures; whether

it has an appetite for the bread of life, &c. Do you ever pray to God, sir ?”

“No, I do not ; I am kept so busy, night and day, that I have no time for it.”

“Have you leisure to eat, sir ?”

“O, yes, or else I should starve.”

“If your soul was in health, or holy, you would not find it more difficult to obtain leisure to pray than to find time to eat. Do you ever go to a place of worship ?”

“O, no ; you know physicians are excused from that service.”

“By whom ?”

“By the common consent of mankind.”

“But does God dispense with their attendance on his ordinances ?”

“As for that, I know nothing about it.”

“Poor physician ! — to you the health of others, or perhaps rather the gold of others, is more valuable than the life and health of your own soul. Think what a man shall be profited, though he gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul.”

“O, sir,” said he, “it is not the money, it

is the life and health of the patient that engages me so constantly.”

“Do not tell me so; for if no reward was given for your attendance, you would find many excuses for attending your patients less frequently.”

I requested him to take notice of some asses that were passing.

“Do not you observe,” said I, “stupidity in their countenances? God compares man in his natural estate to that stupid animal. See, these asses neither know the way they ought to go, nor are they willing to go as the man directs them. In this they are a striking representation of vain man, who would be wise, though born like the wild ass’ colt. Now, sir, I can inform you of a physician who can cure hardness of heart, sinful propensities, &c., to whom you would do well to apply for a cure of all those inveterate diseases; and, remember, he demands no remuneration for the cures he performs. He is Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, and Prince of life.” Here ended our conversation.

There was a JEW walking at a little distance, dressed in a black cloak.

“I am happy to see you, this morning,” said I to him.

“Why so?” said he.

“Because you are a descendant of faithful Abraham, who was the friend of God; and the book which I value above rubies, was written by men of your nation. My Saviour also was your countryman, according to the flesh; and it was your countrymen who brought to us Gentiles the glad tidings that there is salvation through Jesus unto the whole world. These are some of the reasons why I am glad to see you.”

He thanked me, and was walking off; but I walked along with him, and inquired if he had a copy of the Scriptures. He said he had not; on which I took out a Bible, and presented it for his acceptance; he received it gratefully. I informed him that the book I had given him contained the New as well as the Old Testament; the former of which I begged him to read without prejudice, and to compare its contents with the predictions in the Old Testa-

ment, respecting Messiah and his kingdom. If he did so, I expressed a hope that God would thereby grant him repentance, to the acknowledgment of the truth.

“Repentance !” said he ; “of what ?”

“Of your having denied that Jesus is the Messiah, and of all your ungodly deeds that you have committed. Read particularly the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the epistle of Paul to the Hebrews, who himself was a converted Jew. If you are ignorant of your own Scriptures, your unbelief must arise from listening to the vain traditions of your uninspired Rabbies. It is of infinite importance to you to know whether God has or has not yet sent his Son into the world ; your eternal condition depends upon your rejecting or crediting that important fact ; for, if you believe not that Jesus is the Christ, you shall die in your sins, and the wrath of God, in consequence of them, shall abide on you forever.”

He seemed to listen to all I said ; but would not continue the conversation.

A FOP came strutting along at this very moment; as he passed, I whispered into his ear, —

“We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ.”

He looked behind with such astonishment, that two men inquired what I had said to him; upon which I repeated the scripture declaration, that we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, assuring them that the Lord was at hand, that he was ready to judge the quick and the dead. After civilly thanking me for my remark, they walked off together.

A CARMAN, cruelly lashing an old horse, attracted the attention of many, some of whom declared that the man was a greater brute than the horse. With all his lashing, the creature could not move any faster, for his load was too heavy for him. I asked the man,

“How long have you had that horse?”

He said, “Fifteen years.”

“How cruel,” I said, “to lash an old and faithful servant, especially when he is still

exerting his utmost strength to serve you ! God is not so hard a master to you, though, probably, you do not serve him with all your might, as the horse does you."

To this he replied, "that he served God as well as he could."

"O no, my friend, there is not a man on earth does that."

Referring the matter in dispute to the bystanders, I said,

"Friends, do any of us think as much of God as we might ? Do we converse about the things of God as often as we might ? Do we read his word as often as we might ?"

"No, no !" called out almost every person around.

"And yet God," said I, "gives us food, raiment, health, and many other blessings, which should teach us to cultivate merciful dispositions toward man and beast."

"That is all good gospel the man is telling you, friends," said an old woman.

"Yes," said I ; "and, if you will stop a minute, I shall tell you still better gospel."

Upon hearing this, the ring of people that

surrounded me, drew in a little closer, when I told them that "God had so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life; that there is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that believe in Jesus," &c.

On saying this, a constable came up and desired the people to disperse, for they so crowded the pavement that the passengers could not get along. So every one went about his own business; — and I retired fatigued to my own lodgings, but pleased with the opportunities of doing good during my walk.

IV.

Arrival of an Express. — The Locksmith. — Self-reflections. — An old Soldier.

As I passed the post-office this morning, an EXPRESS arrived with news from abroad. Hundreds collected in a trice, to obtain the earliest information respecting the contents of the express. While they were all anxiously waiting, I called aloud that I had good news to tell, in which they were all deeply interested. One demanded to know from whence I had the news. I replied, from heaven! On which many retired, thereby intimating that they had no desire to hear anything from that quarter.

However, I called out, with a loud voice, that God had proclaimed "peace with men upon the earth," notwithstanding their rebellious conduct towards him; and that he had sent his own Son to die for their offences, on purpose

to reconcile them to his friendship and government.

“Indeed, my friends,” said I, “he laid upon him our guilt, and by his stripes alone we can be healed. Be ye therefore in friendship with God; throw down the weapons of your rebellion, and make his will your rule for the future; then you shall be happy in life, at death, during all the solemnities of the judgment-day, yea, forever and ever! Now, gentlemen, I have done; for I do not wish to prevent your hearing the news brought by the messenger; but I judged these few hints might be of use to you through life.”

The whole company behaved very civilly, which encouraged me to proceed in my exertions to do good to the souls of men.

Observing a man gazing at some prints in a window, —

“Tell me, friend,” said I, “your occupation.”

“I make LOCKS and HINGES,” said he.

“ Locks ! — what is the reason why there is such a demand for locks ? ”

“ Because there are so many thieves, to be sure.”

“ Do you think locks will be necessary in heaven ? ”

“ No, I dare say not, for there are none but honest, upright people there.”

“ Why are there so many bad people here ? ”

“ I know not why, but I am certain there are, for our prisons are all full. Adam surely was not created with a thieving disposition ; but Satan prevailed on him to sin against God, and that robbed him of his purity and perfection ; then men became hateful and haters of each other ; and wherever there is no love to God or man in the heart, people will soon think there is little harm in defrauding each other. Consequently,” said the smith, “ till men become better, we must continue making locks, and good ones, too, for the thieves are so expert that they find means to pick almost any lock, and though they be hanging them every month, there is always a new generation of them comes forward.”

“Yes, my friend, and such generations will continue to spring up until the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.”

“But what shall poor lock-makers do in those days?”

“They must do as buckle-makers did when buckles went out of fashion.”

“Why, what did they do?”

“They learned other trades. You mentioned, friend, did you not, that you also make hinges?”

“Yes, many a hinge I have made; more, I dare say, than ever I shall make again.”

“So you do not expect to live as long in the world as you have done?”

“No, indeed, I do not, for you will observe I am growing an old man.”

“Where do you expect to be, after you are gone from this life?”

“My Maker knows, but I do not.”

“Are you anxious about what shall be the state of your soul after death?”

“Sometimes I am a good deal so.”

“And what relieves you of your anxiety?”

“Nothing ; I just forget the matter by other things coming into my mind.”

“ But do you think this is wise conduct ? ”

“ Perhaps not ; but what can I do ? ”

“ Would to God that you knew you could do nothing for your salvation, and believed that God had such compassion on helpless men, that he sent his Son both to do and to die for them.”

“ O, sir,” said he, “ how shall I become acquainted with these things, for I am far from being a happy man, though, I confess to you, I spend a great part of my time in the tap-room ? ”

“ Have you a Bible, and can you read ? ”

“ Yes, both, sir.”

“ Let it be your great concern to become acquainted with your Bible ; it will fully inform you of all these things ; and when you see a door upon hinges, ask yourself, is that door a representation of me, moving backward and forward, but making no progress ? Do I make progress in the knowledge, in the love and service of Jesus Christ ? ”

On leaving the locksmith, I felt a little fear and shame, and indisposition to proceed in the good work ; but the following meditations relieved me : —

The soul of man is to exist forever in happiness or misery.

Thousands of these people who are passing along are ignorant of the way of peace.

If I am instrumental in bringing any of them to a knowledge of the Saviour, they will bless God forever that I conversed with them in the street.

God sees me.

He approves my work.

His grace is all-sufficient.

I shall soon have done with this world.

All who are now walking about will soon form part of the nations under ground.

Some friends whom I esteem will perhaps laugh at me as an eccentric character, as one who transgresses the bounds of order and decorum. But, I thought, were those houses on the opposite side of the street on fire, though a gentleman cleaned not his feet on the scraper, though he should jump in at a window, rush

into a room, and drag out the most delicate ladies even by the hair of their heads, he would not be condemned for rudeness, seeing he did it to save their lives ; neither should my conduct be condemned, since I do it to save souls.

I had no sooner made these reflections, than I marched boldly up to an OLD SOLDIER, who was lounging about. I observed to him that his dress showed me that he had been in the army, and I supposed he had seen pretty severe service.

“ Yes,” said he, “ I was actively engaged in the war of seventy-six.”

Then he showed me the scars in different parts of his body, and one or two wounds from musket shots. On seeing these, I said,

“ Many of your companions must have fallen around you.”

“ Yes, a great many.”

“ Were they ready, think you, to appear before God ? ”

“ O, poor fellows ! many of them had not a

moment to cry for mercy, after they had received the mortal wound."

"Do you think it was wise to put off crying for mercy, till they had received their mortal wound?"

"The event shows," said he, "they had better have begun sooner."

"Did this lead *you* to cry for mercy, after the engagement, lest you should be carried off the next battle?"

"It did not," said he, "for we were a set of thoughtless fellows. We were so familiar with death that we thought nothing of it; and had we thought much on the matter, we should all have become cowards together."

"Do you think that a man who has the fear and love of God in his heart, and confides in God for every blessing, will thereby become a coward?"

"No," said he, "I cannot say so; for I recollect a soldier in our regiment, who was constantly praying, singing hymns, and reading the Bible; — that fellow, sir, was one of the bravest, as well as soberest, men in the army; he would volunteer to enter a breach

as soon as any man ; indeed, he was raised to the rank of sergeant, by the general, for a brave exploit he had performed in the Netherlands ; — he was the very first man that scaled the walls of a fortified town ; and you know that is not an easy business, when there are enemies on the top, ready to knock you down.”

“ Providence has been very kind in preserving you amidst so many dangers ; has his goodness led you to consider your ways, and to turn to him for mercy ? ”

“ I am not so good yet as I should be.”

“ Let me tell you, my friend, that if you are not a believer in the Son of God, who came to take away sin (which I perceive you are not), the whole guilt of your life still remains charged against you in the records of the court of heaven ; and you must soon appear before God to answer for it. Though you have been in deaths often, and yet escaped, the time is coming when you must fall before the stroke ; wherefore, I warn you, as a friend to your eternal interests, to prepare to meet your God. Look to the Lamb of God, as he is represented

in the Scriptures, for he alone can take away your guilt."

The soldier seemed to take my counsel in good part, and I retired to my lodgings, as the day was far spent, and the shadows of the evening appeared.

V.

Conversation about a Candle and Snuffers. — An Open Door. — Walk in London Improved. — The Hammer-maker. — A Miner. — Show of Wild Beasts.

WHILE reading in my parlor, very early this morning, a young man called, who I trust is acquainted with divine things. We made the candle on my table the subject of conversation. We considered it a striking image of a Christian shining as a light in the world.

"But, without applying the snuffers," said I, "the candle could not continue long to burn bright; nor can the snuffers be of any service,

unless in the hand of one who can apply them to the proper purpose."

Therefore we considered the candle to represent the Christian; the snuff in the candle to resemble his dross, or corruptions; the snuffers to be the providences, which, in the hand of God, purify the Christian, and render his temper and conduct in life far more luminous before men. This interpretation afforded matter for a long conversation; after which, daylight appearing, the young man put an extinguisher on our candle.

"Now," said I, "you have performed a very significant action. Death is an extinguisher which God puts on the life of man; then his light goes out, and shines no more here; but, blessed be God, that in a superior world he causes his people to shine as stars forever and ever."

When going out, a servant opened the door for us, on which I remarked to my companion, —

"What a happy sight AN OPEN DOOR would be to the poor prisoners in Newgate! How

grateful, then, ought we to be, that we can go out and come in at pleasure ! ”

My young friend then assured me he always walked with reluctance along the streets of London ; — “ for,” said he, “ the bustle and noise have a tendency to dissipate my mind.”

To which I replied, “ That many things we saw might remind us of important matters. For example, the river might remind us of the river of life that enriches and enlivens the city or church of God.

“ These streets might lead our meditations to the streets of the New Jerusalem.

“ These dials upon the steeples might remind us of the shortness of time.

“ The bread in the baker’s shop, of the bread of life.

“ The sun that shines, of the Sun of righteousness.

“ The multitudes we meet, of the millions round the throne.

“ The immense variety of countenances, of the infinite wisdom of the Creator.

“ The lanes, the narrow way that leadeth unto life, &c.

“Thus, like the bee, we might extract honey from every flower, and find that things which poison others, profit us.”

My young friend left me, and I began to look about for work.

Observing a man who did not seem to be much in haste, I walked up to him; and, after a little introductory discourse, I learned that his chief employment was to make large HAMMERS. He told me he could make hammers that would break a rock of flint at a very few strokes. I asked him if he thought they could break a rocky, hard heart in pieces, without killing the man. He smiled at my question, and inquired if ever I had heard of such hammers.

“Yes,” said I; “the hammer of God’s word has broken many a rocky heart. Many who thought they had good hearts, when broken by this hammer, trembled to look at them.”

Upon saying so, I asked him if he had ever been uneasy about his heart. He answered that he never had occasion to be uneasy on

that subject, for his heart was as honest as any man's.

“O, my friend, your lips betray your character. I perceive you have never had a stroke from God's hammer. If you die in that state, the stroke of death will be a terrible stroke to you; and remember, that possibly God may be, at this very moment, lifting up his hand to lay it on.”

The man appeared evidently under some alarm, for he asked me what he could do to obtain deliverance. After informing him of God's amazing love to our world, which he has conspicuously manifested in the gift of his Son, I assured him that God commanded him to believe in Jesus for the forgiveness of his sins. After a little more conversation he walked off.

A MINER, or one who digs copper ore from the bowels of the earth, was the next person whom Providence put in my way. I asked how long he had been digging in the mines. He said, “Upwards of twenty years.”

I then asked him if he had got rich.

“No,” said he; “do you imagine I get all to myself that I dig? Indeed, I should soon be a rich man, if that were the case. I am paid by the week, sir.”

I told him that I was acquainted with a mine, containing immense riches, which was free to all, and all they dig is their own.

“That is the mine for me,” said he; “tell me where it is, and I will strike work with my present employers to-morrow.”

I told him that the mine I referred to was the Gospel, or word of God, which contained a pearl of inestimable value for every one who dug, even inexhaustible treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and every needful blessing.

“Poh!” said he, “I have heard of that a thousand times.”

“But have you ever searched it for hidden treasures?”

“I have so much digging of copper for my daily bread, that I have little leisure to dig at a book.”

“Ah! friend, you are not wise; for did you know the contents of that divine book, you would prefer it to thousands of gold and silver.

It reveals a precious Saviour, and through him a precious redemption, and in him many great and precious promises. It enriches the soul of every discerning and believing reader. I do not desire you to leave your mine; the employment is lawful; but cleave also to your Bible; its truths will support your sinking spirits, and make you leap for joy and gladness of heart, even in this miserable world. It will make you happy at home, in the mine, and wherever you are."

The man thanked me, and left me in silence. I prayed that God might bless the conversation to his soul.

As the clouds began to shower down some rain, I stepped in where WILD BEASTS were kept. I asked one of the keepers if he could tame ferocious animals.

"Sir," said he, "we can tame the wildest beast in the world."

I told him that an acquaintance of mine had got a wild, wicked, swearing, lying tongue. "Pray," said I, "can you tame tongues?"

“No,” said he; “do not you recollect what the Scripture says, that no man can tame the tongue of another man? and it is very true.”

I asked if he ever heard of one who could tame the tongue, by changing the heart.

“No, I never did.”

“Do not you think God can do it?”

“Yes, sure, for he is almighty.”

“Well said, for so he is.”

The keeper then pointing to a man at a little distance, said,

“There stands a poor man who is mourning much because he has lost his watch this morning. I wish you would give him some comfort, for I fear it will injure his health.”

Stepping up to him, I inquired if he had ever mourned as sincerely for the loss of his soul.

“That matter has never given me much uneasiness; but the loss of my watch is a very serious circumstance to me, for,” said he, “I must be at work every morning precisely at six o’clock; now, without a watch, tell me how I can manage that.”

“Certainly a watch is of considerable importance to any man, especially to one so circumstanced as you are ; but surely, for the soul to be shut out from happiness, and shut up in hell forever, is infinitely more momentous to you than all other concerns. Indeed, the salvation of the soul ought to be the first and great concern of life. The Son of God considered it of such importance that he came into the world on purpose to save souls ; indeed, he gave his own soul a ransom for the souls of men ; yet many treat his sufferings and death with such contempt, that they are never moved with indignation against the sins of the soul, though these ruin its happiness, and though sin was the cause of the Saviour’s sufferings.”

I then proposed to the company who were viewing the wild beasts, that we should make contribution to purchase another watch for the poor man. To this they all consented, and upwards of fourteen dollars were collected, with which two of us went and purchased a good second-hand watch ; then returning, in the presence of all the company, we gave it to

the man. His mourning by this means was turned into rejoicing. He expressed great thankfulness to the company for their unexpected kindness and liberality, after which he retired, whistling and singing as he went. The company then declared that they had derived more satisfaction and pleasure from the incident of the man and his watch, than from seeing all the wild beasts.

“Thus,” said I, “you experience the advantages of doing good. Let us all, therefore, remember and imitate the benign character and conduct of Jesus, who went about continually doing good; and who commands his people to do good unto all.”

I then requested the company to take another view of the wild beasts, and I would endeavor to make some useful remarks as we went on.

“With all my heart,” said most of the company. Accordingly, we proceeded. The following were the principal remarks that occurred:—

“This house, in some degree, resembles Noah’s ark,” said I.

“Only it is not afloat,” added a lady; “and do you think that in the ark there were as secure dens for confining the wild beasts, as these are?”

“No,” said I, “I rather suppose that the fierceness of the animals in the ark was suspended by the God of providence; but that, after their dismissal, their ferocity returned; and, madam, there are many in the world, possessing much of the nature of devils, who are restrained by the influence of the moral principles which are diffused throughout the world, or by regard to reputation, or by the fear of human and divine punishment, who, if these restraints were taken off, would become notorious murderers and plunderers. Witness the lives of a Nero, a Domitian, a Caligula, and thousands of others, in modern as well as in ancient times. Indeed, every man by nature possesses every kind of wickedness in embryo.”

“Sir,” said several of the company, “if you go on as you have begun, you will make us out to be a world of wild beasts, and we shall

be afraid to trust ourselves amongst each other.”

I desired them only to step into some prisons, and they would find hundreds of their own species as completely secured with bolts and bars as these lions and tigers; and there is occasion for it; for, were these unhappy creatures all liberated to-night, they would instantly begin to plunder and murder their fellow-creatures. These men were no worse than others by nature, but perhaps they had no good example, no education, or perhaps they have broken through all restraints, and resolved to act according to the natural bent of their hearts. As all are naturally fond of sugar when they taste it, so is every man naturally ripe for the commission of any evil when it is presented to him. Hence, mankind in general may be compared to so many chained lions and tigers.

“It is happy for us that these beasts are confined. What incalculable mischief might they do if they were let loose! But, could you change their nature into that of the sheep, or even the dog, or the horse, how much more serviceable would they be! Instead of being confined, they

might then be all employed in some way or other for the benefit of the community. It is just so with human nature in its present depraved state. We ought to be thankful for human laws, and even for prisons to secure wicked men, and to prevent them from doing mischief; but were their hearts changed, instead of being thus confined, they might be all employed for the good of their fellow-creatures. This change God is pleased to produce by the Gospel, wherever it is clearly understood and cordially received. How, then, ought we to pray that it may be known, and its divine influence felt, by the whole human race ! ”

V I .

A River. — The Pensioner. — Various Characters in the Streets. — Man Enclosing a Garden.

STANDING by the side of a river, this morning, I could not help admiring the immense body of water that was moving past me, and asked myself, "how long this river had continued to run? At least," thought I, "from the days of Noah, which is upwards of three thousand years ago. How vain would it be for any one to wait in hope that all the water should run past, and consequently be able to walk across!" Then I thought of the river of life, that proceeds from the throne of God and the Lamb, the streams whereof comfort the city of God in every age.

While thus musing, a man asked me if I wished to cross the river. I told him I had no desire to cross this river, but that I should be

glad to cross the river Jordan, in order to reach Immanuel's happy shore.

"What do you mean?" said the boatman.

"Mean? why, in plain English, I mean that I should like better to be in heaven than in London; but I know I must first cross the Jordan of death before I can reach it; and I dare not cross that river without a passport from the King of kings."

The boatman went off, wishing me a happy voyage; for, he said, he had no inclination yet to sail along with me.

Going along one of the wharves, I found a man who seemed unemployed. I inquired how he could support himself without working.

"I am a PENSIONER."

"So am I," said I; "let us, therefore, sit down and have a little conversation."

Accordingly, when we had taken our seat, I inquired whose pensioner he was. He said his majesty's, in Greenwich Hospital.

"You had behaved well, surely, in his maj-

esty's service, before you could obtain such a pension ? ”

“ Yes,” said he, “ I served his majesty more than thirty years, and was in many hard-fought actions, you may believe. But pray, if I may ask, whose pensioner are you ? ”

I replied that I was one of God's pensioners, and had been so from my birth, and, though I have often rebelled against him, still he does not strike me off the pension list.

“ How much,” said he, in a jocular tone of voice, “ does he give you ? ”

“ He gives me a sufficiency of food and raiment from day to day ; he gives me air to breathe, a house to dwell in, a bed to sleep on, and many other blessings.”

“ I have all these things, too,” said the old sailor, “ but I never considered myself obliged to God for them.”

“ What ! ” said I, “ did not God create all things, and does he not regulate all things, and is it not by his providence that any comforts fall to our share ? My friend, believe me, it was God who disposed the founders of Greenwich Hospital to commence such an institution ;

it was he who caused it to succeed ; he knew from the beginning all who should partake of its bounty ; and he inclined the hearts of the governors to grant your petition, when you applied for the pension ; and the institution itself would soon be annihilated, if God only willed it. Therefore, you may see that God provides for you as well as for me.”

This appeared strange doctrine to the old pensioner, but he could not deny the truth of it. After a little pause, he broke silence by saying,

“It is very true, we are all dependent on the Almighty ; he has a large family of us to provide for. Indeed, I have often wondered, when I saw a fleet taking in stores, whence such a vast quantity of different articles came from.”

“Yes,” said I, “and your wonder would be increased, if you saw, piled up in one heap, all the provisions consumed by man and beast in London only in one day. Perhaps it would make a mass not much smaller than St. Paul’s Cathedral. But could you see all the provisions consumed by the whole world in a day,

heaped up together, perhaps they would make a body not smaller than the Isle of Wight; and all these things were created by God for the support of man. What a blessing also is it that all things absolutely necessary for the support of human life are created near the spot where each man dwells! What a misery would it be if nothing grew for the support of human life except in the wilds of Africa, or in the plains of India! The population of the world would thereby be impeded, and the means of support to distant climes often interrupted. But there is a happy and general distribution of the bounties of Jehovah, for the accommodation and comfort of man.

“Yet, alas! men, who are the objects of his goodness, receive his blessings without gratitude, or even acknowledging the kindness of him that feeds them. But the patience of God with ungodly men will not continue always; for, like a bear bereaved of her whelps, he will come out of his place to take signal vengeance on his enemies. Wherefore be you, my friend, reconciled unto God; look to him for mercy through his Son, for he waits to be gracious.

Only acknowledge your past iniquity ; for he asks no more atonement for sin than what he has already received from his beloved Son, in the room of sinners. Look for forgiveness from God as a favor done you only for the sake of his Son, Jesus Christ.”

Leaving the side of the river, I went into one of the streets which was crowded with passengers. I employed myself a little in observing the different countenances of those who passed.

One appeared in deep thought, as if concerting some important scheme for acquiring wealth.

Another indicated great uneasiness, as if he knew not where he should obtain his next meal.

A third came whistling and singing, as if he had just learned that a fortune had been left him.

A fourth was void of expression altogether, as if a total stranger to grief or joy, love, anger, or any other passion.

The next seemed so swelled with pride and vanity, that I could not behold him without pity.

Another came sneaking along, attentively viewing every door, window, cart, carriage, &c., as if only in search of plunder.

And the last I shall mention, appeared to be taking a last farewell of his native city, ready to embark for some foreign land.

Leaving London, and seeing a man putting up a FENCE ROUND A GARDEN, I asked him if that was his ordinary employment.

"Yes," said he, "I am always securing the gardens of others."

"But, friend," said I, "how do you keep the garden of your own heart? Do you permit thieves to break in there? Do you allow briars and thorns and poisonous plants to grow there?"

"Are you a Methodist," said he, "or what are you?"

"What is a Methodist?"

“Why,” said he, “a Methodist is a man that makes too much ado about religion.”

“What is religion? Tell me that, and then we shall see whether we can make too much ado about it.”

The man, after a little pause, confessed he was not very well versed in these matters, and begged I would answer the question myself.

I told him that “religion consisted in believing, fearing, loving and serving God; the God that made us, who supports us, and who will soon judge us, and assign to us our everlasting state. How, then, can a man make too much ado about religion? I fear few of us are sufficiently concerned about it.”

He said he understood that religious people were the most unhappy creatures in the world.

“No doubt, when they disobey their God, they are very unhappy; but when they walk in his fear, they enjoy the comforts of the Holy Ghost, which make them happier than any irreligious man ever was, or can be, while he lives in rebellion against the God that made him. Are you happy?” said I to the man.

“How can I be, while toiling like a slave at this kind of work every day, and I see no end to it?”

“What do you think would make you happy?”

“Two hundred a year would make me as happy as a prince.”

“Do you imagine that every person is happy who has two hundred a year?”

“No, indeed, I do not; nay, I have heard of people, who have had their thousands at command, who were more miserable than myself.”

“How, then, are you certain that you should be happy if you had the income you mention?”

“I do not know,” said he; “I only suppose I should.”

“Depend upon it,” said I, “without the friendship of God through Jesus Christ, you cannot be happy in this world, or in the world to come; wherefore, your wishes and efforts are vain, if you are only seeking happiness from things below the sun. The Son of God is the fountain of all felicity; wherefore, with

all thy getting, get acquainted with Him, whom to know is eternal life. Adieu, I will not hinder your work any longer."

VII.

Conversation with a Banker. — Visit to a School for Deaf and Dumb. — To an Engraver and Print-seller. — Walk and Conversation in Bunhill-fields. — The Grave-digger.

I INQUIRED of a BANKER, upon what countries he drew bills. He assured me they could furnish me with bills on most civilized countries. I told him that Heaven was the most civilized country in the universe, and asked him if he had any bills upon that country. He shook his head, and said no. I told him I was a kind of banker myself, and possessed an amazing number of promissory notes, given by the King of Heaven, and payable by himself; and that these were paid on demand in any

country under heaven, whether civilized or barbarous. He begged a sight of one of them, on which I took out the Testament, and pointed to John 16 : 23, where Jesus says, "Whatsoever ye shall ask my Father in my name, he will give it you."

"This whole book," said I, holding up the Bible, "is full of such promissory notes ; and, when men honor them with their confidence, they bring rich stores of blessings from the heavenly Jerusalem."

I advised the banker, if he desired to be rich, to get one of these bill-books ; to keep it in his bosom, and then he would be inferior in riches to none upon earth. When the friends of God are about to prefer a petition to him, which they do regularly every morning and evening, at least, they carry along with them a few of these bills, that they may be sure to ask only for things which accord with his will. When at any time they become indisposed to petition their God, they look over their bill-book, which frequently produces a strong desire to possess more of the heavenly treasure. The banker asked if the King of Heaven was

always able and willing to answer all demands made upon him.

“Perfectly able; for his riches are inexhaustible, and resemble the bread with which Jesus fed the five thousand at one time; the more they ate of it, the more it increased. The treasures even of the bank of England can be calculated, but the believer’s bank contains countless treasures. For these reasons, my friend, I would advise you to become a stockholder of the bank of Heaven, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.”

“Almost thou persuadest me to ask for a portion of the loan of heaven,” said he.

“Would to God, friend, that you were not only almost, but altogether persuaded to put up your request. There is a fixed period allotted for receiving petitions; if you continue hesitating and idling till the period ends, no interest in heaven or earth can procure a favorable reception to your petitions after that. Wherefore, hasten to the Lord while the day of grace continues, for now is the accepted time.”

When I had finished my business with the banker, I went to a SCHOOL for DEAF and DUMB CHILDREN. All was silent; nor did one of them observe me come into the room. I called out with a loud voice,

“Whoever of you children come unto me, I will give you a guinea.”

Not one moved his head or eyes towards me; not a hand was stretched out for my guinea.

“How much,” said I to the teacher, “these children resemble some congregations on the Sabbath day! When they are entreated to receive the forgiveness of sins, and eternal life, through a crucified Saviour, all are deaf to the invitation, all reject the proffered blessings. Some are asleep; others are scheming about worldly things; and others imagine they are not of them who are addressed; and so they retire as poor as when they came.

“How long will it be,” added I to the teacher, “before a child will be able to speak and read tolerably well?”

“A long time; perhaps three or four years. They continue long in the small and simple

words, before they advance to the larger and more intricate."

"Yes," said I, "like many professors of religion, who continue their whole lives tugging at first principles. Indeed, many of these are prejudiced against progress in knowledge."

"But against what knowledge," said he, "are they prejudiced?"

"Against religious knowledge, which consists in acquaintance with the nature, plans, purposes, precepts and promises of God."

"O, but these differ from most of my scholars," said he, "for they are anxious to acquire more knowledge; but, as they have not the faculty of hearing, it is difficult to gratify their desire. I have sometimes seen them weep, because they could not comprehend what was going forward in their presence. I wish that many, who are neither deaf nor dumb, were so disposed."

"Alas," said I, "how many among us can speak fluently about trifles, but are as dumb as your scholars on divine subjects!"

"Sir," added I to the teacher, "you have,

no doubt, frequently admired the power of Jesus, by which in a moment he opened the ears of the deaf, and communicated the powers of speech to the dumb, and the knowledge of a language, of which they were previously as ignorant as an infant on the day of its birth."

"Surely," said he, "the power of Jesus was the power of God. Adam and Eve are memorable instances of the same efficacious power; for both of them had a perfect knowledge of language, and possessed all the powers of speech immediately when created."

Leaving the deaf and dumb school, I called upon a friend, who introduced me to a gentleman who was a first-rate engraver and PRINT-SELLER. After some conversation, I said to the gentleman that I hoped he neither engraved nor sold obscene prints.

"But I do both," said he, "though I do not think it a commendable part of our business; yet we are obliged to do it, or we should lose some of our best customers."

“ But do you seriously consider the poison that you are diffusing amongst our youth ? How many persons, whose gray hairs you are instrumental in bringing with sorrow to the grave, through the profligacy of their children, first occasioned by your lewd prints ! Indeed, sir, allow me to tell you, that I view this part of your trade of so pernicious a tendency, as to think you would be acting according to truth if you painted upon your sign-board, immediately under your name, **MAKER AND SELLER OF NETS FOR THE DEVIL.**”

“ You view the matter in a strong light, indeed,” said he.

“ Yes,” said I, “ and I am persuaded you will find at the day of judgment that God views it much in the same way. Suppose for a moment the day of judgment come, and the Judge asks why you dealt in pernicious prints. What answer will you be able to give ? — for you know we must answer to him for the deeds done while in the body, whether good or evil.”

I waited for his answer ; but he paused so long, that I could not help saying,

“Yes, in that day every mouth shall be stopped. But suppose you had the boldness to make the same defence to your Judge that you made to me, namely, that had you given up your dealing in that article, you would have lost many of your best customers. Would not the Judge reply, ‘What was the loss of a few pounds per annum to you, when compared to the loss of your own soul, and with the ruin of hundreds of souls, who will charge you with their murder forever and forever?’ ‘Depart from me, then, ye cursed, into everlasting punishment.’”

“Your remarks remind me,” said the print-seller, “of an incident which happened here several years ago. A venerable-looking old man stepped into the shop, and inquired if we sold any poison for souls. We told him no. But you have such poison, and you shall be reported to my master. So saying, he walked out. The shopmen and I looked at each other with astonishment, but none of us could conjecture to what the old man alluded; but I perceive now that his sentiments and yours, upon prints, must have been very similar.”

He then stated, in his own vindication, that hundreds of people sold the same kind of obnoxious prints.

“The number of rogues being great,” said I, “only increases the public danger and alarm, and gives more employment to the hangman. The frequency of robbery and murder does not lessen its criminality in the eye of the law; neither will the increase of transgressors avert the wrath of God. The hearts of almost all the inhabitants of the old world were evil, only evil, and that continually; wherefore God swept them *all* off with the besom of destruction; which was an awful, but righteous, display of his indignation against sin.”

On leaving the print-seller, I went into BUNHILL-FIELDS, or burying-ground.

“Here,” said I, to a person standing near me, “is the depository of the earthly remains of thousands. Here lie the multitudes who used to crowd our streets, who were active in the various pursuits of life, and many of whom were overwhelmed with its cares. Here are

numbers who filled our pulpits, and others who composed our congregations. Here the rich and poor meet together. Their bodies are all here, their dust is mixed; but where are their souls? Some, I trust many, are gone to the glorious regions of immortal bliss; while others, like the devils, are reserved in chains of darkness to the judgment of the great day."

A poor man, at a little distance, who was listening to my remarks, now came nearer, and said that most of those buried here were dissenters, consequently were religious people, and we might charitably hope that they are all happy.

"Friend," said I, "I suppose you are a dissenter, and expect to be buried here?"

"Yes," said he.

"Now tell me why you expect to be happy? Do you ever quarrel with your wife at home?"

"Sometimes," said he; "but we go to meeting as regularly every Sunday morning as the sun rises."

"And how do you spend the rest of that day?"

“We get a few friends together, and spend a few hours in harmless conversation over a pot of porter ; and in summer we take a little walk into the country in the evening, to refresh our animal spirits, and fit us for the labors of the week.”

“Do you call this,” said I, “sanctifying the Sabbath ? Is there any evidence of holiness of mind in such conduct ? Is not this the constant practice of thousands of graceless, prayerless and profane people ? Do you think that going once or twice a day to meeting will secure heaven ? Remember that a Christian is a new creature ; is separated in heart and life from ungodly men ; is given to prayer, reading the word of God, and private meditation ; is praying for, and pressing after, greater likeness to the meek and holy Jesus. Have you ever been convinced that there is no salvation for you but through the righteousness of another ?”

“O,” said he, “our minister always preaches up that ; and though it has offended many, I assure you it has never offended me. I stick close to him yet.”

“That may be, friend ; and yet you may be ignorant of the righteousness of God, and be going about to establish a righteousness of your own. Many *say* they approve of the doctrine, who have never understood it, nor rejoiced to hear that, through the redemption of Jesus, there is forgiveness with God for the vilest sinner.”

“Excuse me,” said the man, “for though I am not much learned in these matters, yet this one thing I can say, with our minister, that whereas I was blind, now I see.”

“What do you see ?” said I.

He could tell me nothing he saw.

“Now, supposing a blind man to receive his sight ; and though he could not describe with the accuracy of an oculist the operation that effected his cure, yet, if he looked up to the sun, he would be able to speak with wonder of its glory ; he would have something to say of these clouds, trees, horses, &c. ; and, though he might not be able to speak so intelligibly of them at first, in a few months or years he would acquire greater acquaintance with them. Indeed, if you met that man five years after,

and found him speaking as ignorantly about these things as he did the first day he said his eyes were opened, you would begin to suspect whether he had really got his eye-sight yet." I then asked the man how long it was since he thought he was a Christian.

"Upwards of twenty years," said he.

"Upwards of twenty years? Pray, how long were you in learning your trade?"

"More than seven years; and I am every week learning more about it."

"Then you have made considerable progress in the knowledge of your business since the day you entered first into it; and why so, but because your heart was in it,—you were anxious to make progress? Had you been only as anxious to increase in the knowledge and practice of the gospel, and listened as attentively to the instructions of Jesus as you did to those who taught you your business, you would have made more proficiency than you appear to have done, if you had really been a child of God at the time you say you professed to be one. Wherefore, give up with all trifling about your soul, and look for mercy and pardon to the

Son of God, or I fear you will perish forever in a delusion."

The man began to be angry, and asked me if I suspected his character, and what charge I could bring against him. I told him I did suspect before that he was no Christian, but now I was more confirmed in my opinion that he was not.

"However," said I, "I hope God will discover to you your error, and convince you that neither a little form, nor a great form of godliness can procure heaven, but that the blood of the blessed Jesus alone can."

Walking a little forward, we came to an old MAN who was DIGGING A GRAVE, with as great unconcern as if it had only been intended for a cat.

"Why are you digging that hole?"

"What a question," said the man, "to ask in a burying-ground! What else can it be than a grave?"

"You were so merry, that a stranger might almost suppose it was meant for a dog or a cat."

"No," said he, "we bury none of them here; but is not every man glad when he gets business? Digging graves is my business, and I am glad, to be sure, when I get one to dig; and so would you be, were you a grave-digger."

"I think, friend, it is but suitable that men should be serious while digging graves; and not only so, but it should remind you that soon some man will be digging a grave for you, and you should think seriously where your soul will be then."

"I might be thinking," said he, "forever on these things, if I should always think of them while at work."

"And do you think you would be the worse for it? It might lead you to seek happiness beyond the grave, for you must die and appear before God."

On this, he turned his back towards me, and would listen to nothing more.

VIII.

Second Visit to Bunhill-fields. — The Grave-digger. — The Disconsolate Father. — The Little Boy. — Old Woman. — Inscriptions on Tombs. — An Ass. — The Letter-carrier.

AFTER breakfast, I went out to take my walk for usefulness, with increased determination to be zealous and faithful. I immediately repaired again to Bunhill-fields' burying-ground, where I found the old grave-digger busy at work.

"O," said he, "friend, I am glad to see you here again, for I have thought more about my own death since last night, than in all the former part of my life."

I asked him what he had thought about it.

"Indeed," said he, "I have too much cause to fear the worst, for I have been a stupid, hardened, sinful creature; and I fear my Maker will never receive such an old, gray-headed sinner as I. Do you think he will?"

I told him "it was indeed shockingly wicked to spend any part of life in carelessness about the things of God; but still more so, to live in that rebellion till gray hairs announced a speedy departure from time to eternity. But since God has an infinite regard to the perfect obedience which his Son in our nature rendered unto him, he is ready even to forgive you, if you renounce all your evil works, and all your supposed good works, and look to Him alone for pardon, and merely on the ground of the mediation of Christ. He glorifies the riches of his grace in such cases. Indeed, Jesus expressly says, 'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out; for I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me.' God, having taken vengeance upon his Son for sin, proclaims a free and full pardon to the guilty and the rebellious."

The man, upon hearing this, threw aside his spade, and with uplifted hands, looking to me from the grave, said,

"These words encourage me to hope in God; this is what I want. I am quite overpowered

with Jehovah's goodness, with the condescension and love of his Son."

Upon saying so, he called to another old man who was digging an infant's grave at a little distance; he beckoned to him to come near. When he came, he inquired what was the matter; if there was anything wrong about the grave. He replied,

"This person has been telling me of a Saviour; and, brother Tom, you need him, too, for you and I have been companions in iniquity for many a long year; — it is time you and I were thinking of other matters."

This was the first sermon I ever heard delivered from a grave; for little more than the man's head was visible while speaking, and the sermon came from the heart, accompanied with many tears. The man to whom he addressed himself was astonished, and hastily ran off with, I hope, an arrow in his heart.

After having a little more conversation with the old man, I passed on to a person who was weeping over a grave.

“I suppose that grave contains a deceased friend of yours?”

“Yes, my only son; he was a great comfort to me, and was about succeeding me in my business, from which I intended in a very short time to retire, and enjoy my old age in the country; but my dear lad was seized with a fever which cut him off in a few days.”

“Do you think, sir,” said I, “that he died in the Lord?”

“I hope,” said he, “that he died happy; for from a child he was remarkably obedient to his parents, and very attentive to business; and many a pound did he give to the poor.”

“These,” said I, “are all good things, and must have given much pleasure to you and his mother, and must likewise make the trial more painful to both. But had he any knowledge, love and fear of God?”

“I cannot answer you as to that matter, yet I hope he had.”

Upon saying so, the gentleman wept much.

“Did you never, as his parent, converse seriously with him about the salvation of his soul? Did you never tell him that he was a

depraved, ruined creature, in consequence of his connection with fallen Adam ?”

“No, indeed, I never did.”

“If his soul be ruined, depend upon it,” said I, “he will upbraid you as the cause of it, when you meet together at the tribunal of God. You weep for the loss you have sustained by his death, which I confess is a great loss to you ; but you have far more reason to weep for the injustice and injury you did him when living. May God grant you repentance unto life.”

“What you say, sir, wounds my feelings ; I remember my faults this day.”

“I designed to make you feel,” said I ; “and to bring home to your conscience a conviction of your sin, that you might be impelled to look for mercy to a merciful God, who is revealed to you as such in Jesus Christ.”

I then inquired if he had any more children. He said he had three daughters at home, and one married to a gentleman who lived in the same street. I then requested him to go home and search the Scriptures for the hidden wisdom they contain ; and what God taught him

by means of these Scriptures, to tell it immediately to his surviving children, lest any of them, like their brother, should be hurried away to eternity in their ignorance. He said he would attend to my advice, and he walked away with considerable concern.

I next went towards a CHARITY BOY, who carried a hymn-book under his arm. I asked him where he had been with his hymn-book. He said at church, hearing a charity sermon for the benefit of his school. I inquired what text the minister preached from. He assured me he had entirely forgot it. I then asked him if he recollected what he had for breakfast that morning.

“O yes!” said he, “I had bread and butter and coffee.”

“What had you yesterday for dinner?”

“Pudding, sir.”

“How well you remember these matters; but what a pity you should so soon forget the word of God! You must remember your Creator in the days of your youth; and re-

member, too, that young people die. Indeed, that very grave on which you stand is a proof of it; for look at the tomb-stone, and you will find that the boy who is under your feet was only eight years of age when he died."

An old woman was passing, to whom I observed that this place would be a wonderful place in the morning of the resurrection, when the thousands, whose dust is deposited here, should spring above ground in the twinkling of an eye; some rising to enjoy everlasting life, and others to endure everlasting contempt.

"O yes," said she, "that will be a dreadful morning to many, and may we all be prepared for it!"

On saying so, she walked on.

The INSCRIPTION UPON A TOMB-STONE informed me that the person beneath had been remarkable for benevolence and various virtues. One who was reading the inscription at the

same time, told me he had been acquainted with the gentleman to whom it referred ; — he considered him a good sort of a man.

“ But,” said he, “ he was a sad, swearing fellow.”

“ How can a swearer be a good sort of man ? His blaspheming and irreverent swearing, demonstrate that his heart is full of every abomination ; he is daily offending the ears of the pious, and exhibiting a mischievous example to all around, especially to his own family. The memory of such a man ought to rot with his body ; and such inscriptions as these are impositions on the public. If his friends were determined to say something concerning him, they should have lamented that the person under the stone had, in his lifetime, been a notorious swearer, and that he had laughed at reproof. They should then have warned others not to follow his example, lest, like him, they should die in their sins.” For the man had told me he had uttered an awful oath a short time before he expired.

I then viewed the tombs of many valuable and well-known characters, over some of whom

were very appropriate and striking inscriptions ; some as if the person under ground addressed the passenger. If I may judge from my own feelings when perusing them, I think these are calculated to make a powerful impression ; and who knows but many have been converted to God by means of a supposed speech from a dead man ? To hear of this in heaven would afford great pleasure to his living soul.

An ASS came running into the burying-ground.

“ Now,” said I to the little boy, who still followed me, “ what does that creature remind you of ? Does it not remind you of Jesus riding into Jerusalem on one of these animals, and of the Jewish children crying out, Hosanna to the Son of David ? Was it not wonderful that He who supported the pillars of heaven and earth, should condescend to be supported by an ass ? He humbled himself, that we might be raised to the highest honor.”

On coming from the burying-ground, a LETTER-CARRIER passed me. I followed him, and began a conversation by saying that his employment was a very solemn and important one.

“How so?” said he.

“Perhaps, at this time, you are carrying tidings to a family of the death of him on whom they all depended for support; to a mother, that her only child has been drowned; to a merchant, that his richly-laden ship has foundered at sea. Perhaps you are carrying to a profligate youth that which God shall bless to his everlasting salvation; and perhaps you are to inform another that he has become heir to a large estate, which the devil will use to effect his eternal ruin. Perhaps you are to inform another that a friend has arrived from abroad, whom he has been longing to see for many years. Wherefore, you should deliver your letters with an awe upon your mind.”

Then I inquired if he had ever had any letters from an ambassador of the King of heaven. He answered,

“No.”

“Have you a New Testament?”

“No, I have neither new nor old.”

“There is one for you,” said I, handing him a New Testament.

“Thank you,” said he.

“Now read the letters which that book contains, for they are all intended for your admonition and instruction.”

He then went away; and I walked home, much gratified by the various occurrences, especially by the change in the old gravedigger.

I X.

House on Fire. — The Recruiting Sergeant. — The Trumpeter. — Waiting Servant to the King. — Westminster Scholar.

HAVING heard that a friend's HOUSE had been on fire during the night, I called on him in the morning to inquire after his welfare; when he invited me to join in prayer and thanksgiving with his family, for their wonderful preservation during the fire and the confusion it occasioned. We began by singing a suitable hymn, then read an appropriate portion of Scripture, and prayed to our heavenly Father. After which, I made a few remarks to the following effect.

“Should a man,” said I, “go into the street and call Fire! fire! where there was no fire, he would be apprehended, put in jail, and punished for disturbing the public peace. The apostles went into heathen cities, and called

upon the inhabitants to flee from the wrath to come ; wherefore, they seized the apostles and punished them as persons who turned the world upside down. But, knowing the danger was certain, the apostles were not deterred by persecution from executing their commission ; they continued to their last breath to proclaim the truth. Thus were they faithful unto death, and obtained the crown of life.”

Leaving my friend's house, and pursuing my walk, I met a RECRUITING SERGEANT, who was endeavoring to persuade some young men to enlist into his majesty's service. He told them how many yellow guineas they should receive immediately on entering ; likewise, that they should be presented with a handsome suit of clothes ; that they should live without work, and yet be in a way to become rich ; also, when they were unfit for the service, they should retire on a pension. He was successful in his attempt, for he had no sooner ended his address, than three of the young men stretched out their hands to receive the proffered money ; after

which, the recruiting party, with their new associates, walked towards the west end of the town. I followed them at a little distance, to watch a proper opportunity to converse with the sergeant. Near Charing Cross such an opportunity occurred, for he dropped a little to the rear; upon which I made up to him, and began a conversation by remarking that he and I nearly resembled each other in our occupations.

“What,” said he, “are you on the recruiting service?”

“Yes.”

“For what corps?”

“For the holy corps.”

“In all my life I never heard of such a regiment. Pray,” said he, “where are they quartered now?”

I told him they were scattered abroad over great part of the earth, but their head-quarters were in heaven.

“Upon my word,” said the sergeant, “you are an odd fellow.”

He then called upon his comrades to draw near and hear our conversation. When they

came near, he told them there was a man recruiting for the holy corps, whose head-quarters were in heaven. On hearing this, they all laughed immoderately, and expected great sport, for they concluded I was deranged. The new recruits came all around me, asking what my master would give them if they enlisted. I said they should receive inexhaustible riches, a royal robe, and eternal life ; that they should not have to watch and protect the king, but the king would watch and protect them ; that, after arriving at the head-quarters, they should never be sent into a foreign country, but should remain at rest in the palace, feasting with the king and his nobles.

“Will you make good your word,” said they all, “if we enlist ?”

I assured them I would produce his majesty’s warrant for all I said. I then pulled out my Bible, saying,

“Here is my warrant from the King of kings !”

And I preached to them Jesus and the resurrection without a parable. I perceived that in a short time they began to think I was

not deranged, for they listened attentively, and walked off very quietly.

I then went to a soldier who was standing under one of the trees, and who was curiously dressed. I asked what office in the army he filled.

“O,” said he, “I am a TRUMPETER.”

“So am I,” replied I.

“Where ’s your trumpet?” said he, in jest.

I told him I carried it in my pocket.

“Let me see it, then.”

I told him he was not accustomed to my trumpet; and I was pretty certain he could not blow it, for none can do that till they are acquainted with its internal structure; but, as I had a spare one, I would give it him to practise upon at home. Upon saying so, I presented him with a Bible, to his no small astonishment, for he expected to see a trumpet of a new construction.

“The circumstance has so amused me,” said he, “that I shall most certainly read

this Bible, though, in fact, I never read one before."

"Well," said I, "friend, you will find there the sound of peace and war, and I hope the sound will reach your heart. It will tell you also of a trumpet that shall be sounded, on the sound of which all the dead shall be immediately raised, and brought before God to receive their final sentence; and you must be there, and your forefathers since the days of Adam."

"I had no idea," said he, "when I came from the horse-guards, that I should meet a man of your cast."

"Nothing," said I, "happens by chance; it was the Providence of God that brought you into my way, or me into yours, and I hope our meeting will be productive of much good."

So we parted, perhaps never to meet again till the last day.

The next man I conversed with said he was
a WAITING SERVANT TO HIS MAJESTY. I

told him that I waited daily upon the King, too.

“Not King George, surely !”

“No, King Jesus.”

“You cannot mount up to heaven every morning, can you ? for Jesus is in heaven,” said he.

“He is also on earth,” said I, “and speaks to his servants by means of his word, and they speak to him in their prayers and praises. All his servants receive abundant wages every day. He blesses them with his presence and rich consolations, and tells them of the glories he designs to give them when they come to his heavenly kingdom. This encourages them to be active, zealous and faithful, in his service while on earth, and enables them not only to meet death with submission and composure, but frequently with joy and triumph.”

A BOY BELONGING TO WESTMINSTER SCHOOL, who stood opposite to the queen’s palace, with a book in his hand, was the next with whom I conversed. I inquired, in a familiar way, the

name of the book which he carried. He said it was the Grecian History. I asked if he remembered anything in it which he had lately read.

“Yes,” said he, “I have been reading about Demosthenes, the great Athenian orator, who was a very bad speaker when a young man, for his tongue was too big for his mouth; but by his rigid and persevering application he overcame all his defects and bad habits.”

“By what means did he overcome these obstacles to his success?”

“O,” said he, “he went to the sea-shore, when he meant to practise declaiming, and put pebbles into his mouth when he spoke, in order to render his tongue less flexible. He had also an awkward custom of shrugging up his shoulders; to cure which, he suspended a drawn sword in his chamber, at such a height that when he practised his orations it might prick his shoulders when he put them up. By these means he became one of the greatest orators the world ever produced.”

I then asked if he recollected how Demosthenes died.

“Yes,” said he, “he murdered himself by taking poison, which he kept in a quill; and he did this lest he should fall into the hands of Antipater, the successor of Alexander, by whom he expected to be cruelly treated.”

I applauded the young man for the attention which he evidently gave to what he read. He told me that he was not only reading the Grecian history, but was also learning the Greek language. I advised him assiduously to prosecute that important study, for God had more highly honored that language than any other, except the Hebrew, by giving the revelation of his will to man in the New Testament, in that language.

I then inquired if he remembered the name of the great Athenian legislator.

“O yes,” said he; “all the world knows Solon; and surely the Athenians were much obliged to him for setting aside the bloody laws of Draco.”

“By the way,” said I, “do you recollect the strange manner of Draco’s death?”

“Yes; he fled from Athens to the island of Ægina, where he was received with the greatest

respect ; — but their kindness killed him ; for, coming one day into their theatre, the audience, to show their regard to him, as was their custom, threw their bonnets and cloaks upon him, and the number of these was so great, that they stifled the old man, being too weak to disengage himself from the load which their inconsiderate kindness cast upon him. Death at this time must have been unexpected to all ; and, perhaps, to none more so than to Draco. This should lead us to watch daily, lest the messenger of death should come, not only in an hour when we are not looking for him, but in a way as unexpected.”

“ Do you remember who was the great Jewish legislator ? ”

He thought a little, and then answered,
“ Moses.”

I told him that Moses received the laws from God upon Mount Sinai, which he delivered to Israel in the wilderness ; and that transgressing them was disobedience against God ; and it was not improbable that such a man as Solon must have seen them, and borrowed from them some of his wisest insti-

tutions. I then asked if he remembered Xerxes, the Persian emperor, who invaded Greece with an army consisting of three millions.

“Yes, I do,” said he; “and when he came to the straits of Thermopylæ, in order to enter Greece, he was opposed successfully, first by four thousand Greeks, and afterwards by three hundred Spartans, with King Leonidas at their head.”

I then thanked him for his discreet answers, made him a present of an excellent book, and bade him good-day; after which, I retired to my lodgings.

X.

The Looking-glass. — The Cobbler. — The Earthen-ware Shop. — The Apple-tree. — Stage-coach Passengers.

THE streets being wet and dirty in the morning, the people were all walking with caution, lest their clothes should be splashed with the dirt. This reminded me of the apostle's admonition, to walk circumspectly, not as fools. When I stated this reflection to a friend who was with me, he asked why the apostle gave such a caution to Christians. I answered, because we live in a polluted and polluting world. Many things that meet the eye and the ear will pollute the mind, if we are not guarded against them. Indeed, sometimes more damage is done to the soul in an unguarded hour, than is repaired for many weeks or months. Whatever unfits for spontaneous holy meditation, and mars our love to closet devotion, does hurt to our souls ; for to do the

will of God should be as pleasant to us, as to eat when hungry, or to drink when thirsty. Now, if I at any time hear or view sin with indifference, my soul will suffer injury.

A man came forward, who asked me to purchase a LOOKING-GLASS. I told him I had a much better one in my pocket. He said that was impossible, and desired I would only try his, for he was confident it would give a most distinct representation of every face viewed in it.

“But, my mirror shows me my heart,” said I.

The man said he had never heard of heart mirrors, and should be glad to see mine. I asked him if he would like to see his own heart.

“Yes,” said he, “if I can see it without being dissected, and without pain.”

I assured him it would give him pain to see his heart, for it would appear more like the heart of a monster than of a man.

"But, will the sight give pain to my body?"

"None," said I.

"O, then, let me see it, for I am not afraid to view its ugliness."

"If you will look frequently into my mirror," said I, "you shall have one for your own use at home."

He promised he would; on which, I presented him with a copy of the word of God, which I assured him would discover monsters in his heart he had neither seen nor known before. The man put the Bible into his basket and walked off, rather disappointed. However, I hope he will read it, and perhaps it may prove a great blessing to him.

I stopped a few minutes at a COBBLER'S SHOP. He asked me what I wanted.

"You do not make shoes, I believe?"

"No," said he, "but I mend plenty of old ones, and so I make bad shoes good ones."

"Can you mend a bad heart?"

"No," said he; "God does not engage

to do that ; — he promises to give a new heart, but does not engage to mend the old one."

"But does not God command men to make for themselves *new hearts*?" Ezek. 18 : 31.

"Yes, sir ; but did we ever read of any man who accomplished the work ? I believe not," said he ; "and if you read a little further in the book of Ezekiel, in the 36th chapter, and I think in the 26th verse, you will find God promising to *give* them a new heart ; which I strongly suspect intimates that none of them had been successful at heart-making."

I was a little surprised at the shrewd remarks of the honest cobbler, and asked him if he was a member of any Christian church.

"O, yes," said he, "I am a member of a church that meets in Peace-lane, under the care of Mr. Scripture ; and I desire to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. There is his book, — pointing to a Bible in the corner, — and I should not think my shop comfortable if I had not that book constantly with me in it."

"Are you not unhappy," said I, "that you

are not a master shoe-maker, and that you have not a large shop, an elegant house, and plenty of money ? ”

“ No,” said he, “ I am just what and where God in his providence would have me to be. I am contented with his will, and I rejoice daily in the hope of perfect bliss beyond the grave. I have no care, sir ; the people bring me their work ; they are pleased with it when done ; they pay me for it, and that provides for my family from day to day ; and I have something to spare for my poor neighbors.”

“ Then you have no money in the funds ? ”

“ No, but I have the promise of every needful blessing from my God, and that is fund enough.”

“ O,” said I, “ friend, you are a rich man ; and you will get richer every day, if you are enabled to persevere in your present state of mind.”

“ Yes, I shall,” said he, “ for godliness with contentment is great gain ; and I know that such as hasten by all means to be rich, pierce themselves through with many sor-

rows ; — for the sorrow of the world worketh death.”

The cobbler's neighbor sold CROCKERY-WARE. I asked him what all these were made of. He said of earth.

“ So are you and I, and all those people walking along the street ; and, what is very humbling, we must all become dead earth again ; and when our earth is mixed together, the earth that composed the body of the richest nobleman, or most delicate lady, will not be distinguishable from that of the poorest beggar ; — but there will be a mighty difference, immediately after death, between the souls of the righteous and the wicked ; more so than between your coarsest vessel and the finest China.

“ When any of these vessels are broken, can you make them over again ? ” said I.

“ O, no,” said he, “ they are perfectly useless ; they cannot be made again.”

“ Not so,” said I, “ with the bodies of men ; for, in the morning of the resurrection, God shall collect the particles of which each body

was composed, and make the body of every man again, never more to moulder in the grave. Some of these shall be made fit to enjoy the boundless glories of Jehovah forever in heaven ; and others rendered capable of enduring, without annihilation, the endless agonies and miseries of perdition. Wherefore, if you are wise, you will betake yourself instantly to the atoning blood shed upon Mount Calvary for the sins of men, without the shedding of which there could have been no remission."

Walking along, I observed a person standing on the plot of ground before his house, carefully examining a tree which stood in the middle.

"Pray," said I, "what kind of a tree is that?"

He said AN APPLE-TREE.

"Does it bear anything?"

"No," said he, "and for that reason I am resolving to cut it down."

"You remind me, sir," said I, "that this world is a garden of God's; that he has put

men into it, as trees, to bear fruits of righteousness. He is daily inspecting us, as you were that tree, to see if we are bringing forth fruit; if we continue unfruitful, or are only producing what is noxious, we are on the point of being condemned, like that tree at which you are looking."

"I have been thinking to cut that tree down," said he, "every year these ten years, but spared it from time to time, in the hope that perhaps next year it might bear; but it has now exhausted my patience, and I am determined to cut it down, and put another in its room."

"Take care," said I, "lest God be speaking in the same manner concerning you. I see he has spared you more than ten or twenty years, and perhaps you have brought forth no more fruit to the praise of his glory, than that barren tree, of which you have been speaking, has produced of apples to you. If so, admire his patience, praise him for his goodness, repent of your barrenness, look to him for fruitfulness."

The man seemed surprised at my address,

but he made no remarks ; — of course I went to look out for work elsewhere.

I stepped into an inn to take a little refreshment, and likewise to see if any good could be done there. I had only been a short time in the public room, when a COACH full of PASSENGERS arrived. They had been travelling all night, and were as hungry as hawks. They were no sooner out of the coach, than they rushed into the room where I sat, unanimously and earnestly calling out for something to eat !

“ O,” said I, “ gentlemen, I wish I were as hungry and as earnest for the bread of life, as you are for dinner.”

“ But what,” said one, “ if you had nothing to eat, like us ? ”

“ No danger of that,” said I, “ for there is always abundance ready for eating in my father’s house.”

“ Where is your father’s house ? ” said another gentleman.

I pointed upwards, thereby signifying that

heaven was my father's house. A large piece of roast meat coming in prevented further conversation for a time. Having obtained liberty, I sat down to dinner with them.

After a busy half hour in handling the knife and fork, they began to break silence, by congratulating each other on so happy a termination of their long journey.

I remarked that they had not reached the end of their journey yet. They all asserted they had.

"Give me leave, gentlemen," said I, "to observe that human life is a journey to the eternal country, and every day is a stage of that journey. When a person is travelling by himself, he is always anxious to know if he is in the right road. Now, like these, we should be constantly examining if we are in the road that leads to the heavenly Jerusalem. There are many ways to London from the country, but only one way to heaven, and that is by Jesus Christ."

"O," said one, "we are all young; we shall have leisure to think of these gloomy subjects before we become gray-headed."

“But no man can say what may happen to him before evening; we ought to be always ready to depart from time. You passed over Henley bridge in your way to town, did you not?”

“Yes, yes,” said they all.

“Well, suppose that bridge had broken down while you were on it, and you had all perished in its ruins, or in the river, where would your souls have been now? Think of that; I do not ask you to answer me.”

One of the company remarked he had had no sleep for two nights.

“That reminds me,” said I, “friends, that there will be no sleep in the place of misery.”

“Why are men sent there?” said the youngest in the company.

“Because,” said I, “men will not believe in the name of the only begotten Son of God.”

“What is the harm of that? Does unbelief do any injury to God?”

“Yes, sir, it is disobeying his commandment, despising his love, rejecting the only Saviour, murdering the soul; so that if we believe not,

we shall die in our sins, and the wrath of God will abide on us forever. It is very probable this company will never meet again, till the heavens and the earth be no more; — from love to you I would therefore recommend daily searching of the word of God, which contains all necessary information respecting God and the interests of the soul of man.”

Having paid the bill, we all dispersed in different directions.

XI.

High Wind. — The Black Servant. — The Prison. — Deputation from Society for Relieving Small Debtors, &c., &c.

THE WIND having been remarkably boisterous during the night, the street appeared in the morning covered with pieces of bricks, tiles, &c. I observed at breakfast to my friends, the great goodness of God in keeping the wind compara-

tively moderate ; for, had he chosen, he could have given it a thousand times more force ; and had he done so, there would not have been one building remaining in the whole city ; — all would have been a heap of ruins, or scattered abroad over all the country ; and, perhaps, not one inhabitant left to deplore the devastation. So that mankind are every moment the monuments of divine mercy, and the living ought to praise him.

After leaving home, I soon got into conversation with a BLACK SERVANT, who told me he was taken from Africa when a boy ; was carried to the West Indies in a slave ship ; sold as a slave to a good master, who brought him to this country, where he obtained his liberty. I asked him if he had got acquainted with the true God, since he came among white people. He said he had heard of him, but did not know much concerning him ; for few had ever taken the trouble to instruct him.

“ However,” said he, “ it does not appear to be of much importance whether I know him or

not ; for all those whom I meet with, who say they know him, do not regard his commands. Indeed, the best people I have yet seen, only worship him once a week.”

“ But,” said I, “ these people who only profess to worship God once a week, are not Christians ; for Christians worship God daily, in their closets, and with their families.”

I then told him of the creation of the world, and of man ; of his first estate ; then of his fall through the influence of the tempter ; of the promise of a deliverer ; of his arrival in our world ; who he was ; the manner of his life ; his doctrines and miracles ; the manner and design of his death ; of his resurrection, ascension, intercession and second coming.

On each of these topics I enlarged, and endeavored to convince him of their importance, and their blessed influence on the mind of man when understood and believed ; and the awful consequence of not believing them, after hearing them once faithfully stated.

He told me he could not read. I advised him to put himself to school immediately, and to pursue after knowledge with the utmost avid-

ity ; for his time on earth might be but short. The man left me, in appearance fully determined to go to school directly, principally with a view of being able to read the word of God.

A PRISON at a little distance next attracted my attention. I went into it on the debtors' side first. Many strong doors, locks and bolts were opened, before I reached the prisoners. These were all confined for debts which they were unable to pay. I took one man aside, and asked him how much he owed his creditors. He said upwards of three hundred pounds ; and, though I have offered them my all, they will not consent to my liberation.

"And," added he, "every day I continue here my debt is increasing, by the accumulation of the prison dues."

"Your case," I said, "reminds me of the debt we owe to God."

"What debt can we owe to God ?" said he.

"Every sin we commit dishonors God ; we therefore owe him reparation or satisfaction ; — this we cannot give ; our not repeating the

sin cannot pay the old debt ; as little can our being sorry for the debt procure its discharge ; and such as die in debt to God, shall be cast into the prison of hell, where their debt will continue increasing forever and ever ; for the wicked will not cease to sin there, notwithstanding all their sufferings.

“ I suppose you have some hope of being liberated from this prison ? ”

“ Yes,” said he ; “ but the period is very distant.”

“ However distant,” said I, “ your case differs widely from that of God’s prisoners ; for from that prison there is no redemption.”

“ You said that no man can ever pay his debt to God,” said the debtor, “ either here by repentance, or hereafter by his suffering. Is every man then lost forever ? ”

“ No, friend ; the Son of God came from heaven to pay the sinner’s debt ; he took it upon himself, and, having died for our guilt, God discharged the debt of all who should believe in him. After the resurrection and ascension of Jesus to heaven, messengers were sent into all the world to proclaim forgiveness

of sins through the sufferings of the Saviour, to every creature who should believe in him. All who considered the message to be from God, most heartily received the joyful tidings, blessed and praised him who died for their sins, and professed themselves willing to do or suffer anything for the glory of his great name. If you were now to believe in Jesus as having magnified the law by his obedience, and made atonement for sin by his suffering unto death, you would with a joyful countenance tell your fellow-prisoners that your great debt was paid, for your sins were pardoned; that you were now the Lord's free man; — and, likewise, that you trusted in him to enable you, in some way, honorably to remunerate all your earthly creditors."

Just at this time there came into the prison a deputation from a SOCIETY FOR RELIEVING SMALL DEBTORS. They were soon surrounded with applicants, soliciting them to pay their debts, for the sums, they said, were not great, that they had been long in prison, had large

families dependent on them, and that they would beware of ever getting into debt again. On beholding this scene, I could not refrain saying,

“O, that you were as conscious of the debts you owe to God, and as anxious to have them cancelled !”

I then assured them that Jesus was willing and waiting to pay all their debts, great as well as small ; and that whosoever came unto him for this purpose, he would in no wise send away without answering all their demands.

It was pleasant to observe the joy and gratitude expressed by some, whom the gentlemen had relieved. They seemed as if they had been brought into a new world ; they extolled the friendship and kindness of the deputation, and praised the magnificence of those who had raised the funds by which they had been relieved.

“O,” said one, “I shall see my little family in an hour, and we shall all rejoice together !”

I viewed them as pictures of pardoned sinners.

The gentlemen, for want of funds, were obliged to reject many applications, but they did it with much feeling and regret, which they suitably and affectingly expressed to the unsuccessful applicants. These I observed to retire with sorrowful hearts, in consequence of this expected means of liberation having failed. I went up to them, and assured them that Jesus was waiting to deliver men from the enormous debt they owed to God ; that he possessed an infinite fulness of merit, and of every blessing, so that none could apply to him in vain. Also I desired them to notice that those whose debts were paid by the deputation, had no money given to them when liberated.

“No,” said I, “these men were poor when they came into prison, and they are poor still ; but when Jesus procures the forgiveness of debt, and the discharge of the prisoner, he puts him in possession of durable riches. The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.”

I went next to the FELON SIDE of the prison, where my ears were constantly grated by the

rattling of chains in every direction. Here were rioters, thieves, murderers, &c.

I conversed with some who were waiting their trial. Most of them asserted their innocence, and expressed hope of getting free when their cause came into court. I told these that they were to undergo a second trial. Upon hearing this, they were startled, and inquired from whom I had the information. I told them I had it from God; that we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to answer for the deeds done in the body, whether they have been good or evil; and assured them that though a thousandth part of our guilt might never be made evident before a human tribunal, yet all things were naked and open to the eyes of that God with whom we have to do. I begged them to think seriously how it would go with them on that decisive day; — whether they would then plead innocent or guilty; whether the Judge would be their friend or their enemy. I entreated them to ask mercy now, while Jesus filled the throne of grace; for, if they lost the present opportunity, they might afterwards forever sue for

mercy, but in vain. I then presented them with a Bible, telling them it contained good news to the guilty and rebellious sons of men, revealing a fountain where sinners might be washed from every stain, and rendered meet for glorifying and enjoying God here, and in the regions of immortality.

I then walked to the CELLS of those who were under sentence of death. One would expect to meet there with men weeping and trembling in the prospect of dying in a few days, and not only leaving all things here below, but also entering upon a new and eternal state. Instead of concern and inquiry, I found, in most of the prisoners, a careless, desperate indifference to what should befall them.

“O, friends,” said I, “I am sorry to see you under the influence of stupidity and insensibility to the awful importance of your present circumstances. Are you indifferent whether your souls are to be miserable or happy during an endless eternity? Is it nothing to you to be ignorant of the God that made you;—of

the compassionate Redeemer who died for the ungodly, through whom alone you can obtain mercy? Do you think God was not a witness of all your past conduct? Do you not know that he searches the heart of man?

Then I repeated to them many of the commandments of God, requesting them to consider whether they had broken any or all of them, and declaring from the Scripture that if they had offended in one point, or had broken only one of the commandments, they would be proceeded against in the same way as if they had broken all of them.

“This may be explained by things with which you are acquainted; for example,” said I, “the man who is guilty of murder, or robbery, or forgery, or treason, &c., by the law of England, forfeits his life; he suffers death, if but guilty of one of these crimes, the same as if he had committed them all. In like manner, breaking the law of God in one point exposes a man to the loss of eternal life, and to the enduring of everlasting punishment, equally with his having broken all the commandments in the law. Without faith in the blood of Jesus

we can no more obtain the forgiveness of one sin than we can of a thousand ; indeed, the blood of Jesus, if trusted in, will obtain pardon of all our sins, though more in number than the hairs upon our heads, or the particles of sand on the sea-shore. If you acknowledge your iniquities to God, and ask their forgiveness for his Son's sake, he will frankly forgive you all your trespasses, for he is rich in mercy for his great name's sake. Is not this a salvation adapted to your condition ? You cannot repair the damage you have done to society by your crimes ; you are unable to do anything that can atone to God for your forgetfulness of him, your disregard to his admonitions, your rebellion against his holy laws ; but he has graciously provided an atonement for your sins, with which you are encouraged to come to him and to plead it.

“ O, the riches of divine grace, goodness and mercy ! it surpasses all conception. May these darkened understandings of yours be opened, to know the things that belong to your peace, before they are forever hidden from your eyes ; and may these tongues of yours be loosed to

praise and publish the wonderful acts of the Lord ! ”

I thought the truth I had declared made some impression on their hearts, for tears appeared in several eyes. The dinner was now brought forward; consequently, after leaving a couple of Bibles, I departed, promising to return soon.

XII.

Conversation at Breakfast. — The Smith's Shop. — A Funeral. — Sheep going to the Slaughter-house. — Peace Proclaimed.

WHILE at breakfast, we were talking of many things which we supposed might have happened during the preceding night. It was asked of all round the table what they supposed to have happened.

One said, perhaps there are thousands who have not slept five minutes, since sun-set, in

consequence of pain of body or uneasiness of mind.

Another remarked, that probably some, who went to bed in perfect health, were at midnight hastily called to appear before their Judge. While they slept, literally, the cry was, "Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

Others were greatly alarmed by robbers rushing into their houses, and plundering them of their property.

Some were called from a sound sleep to witness the solemn departure of a dear friend.

Another, perhaps, had all his property consumed by fire, and hardly escaped with life.

Others were shipwrecked on an inhospitable shore; others were in a vessel that foundered in the middle of the mighty ocean, and were all swallowed up in a watery grave; others, having escaped destruction, by means of their vessel weathering the storm, considered themselves in jeopardy during the whole night, and are now congratulating each other on their preservation.

These and many other remarks tended to

solemnize all our minds, and to render us grateful to the wise Disposer of all things, who had protected us from these, or similar calamities.

At a little distance from home I came to a SMITH'S SHOP, where the men were all busy in beating iron into various shapes, to answer various purposes. On stepping in I remarked that iron was a hard metal.

"We know that by experience," said the workmen, "though the fire helps us by softening it considerably."

I replied that I knew nothing harder than a hardened sinner, yet the furnace of affliction sometimes so melts him down, as disposes him to listen to the instructions of God.

"This was often made manifest," said I, "in the history of the Israelites in the wilderness, for they were a stiff-necked and rebellious race; but when God visited their iniquities with his judgments, then they attended to his commandments."

I asked what some articles were which I saw hanging in a corner.

“These are hand-cuffs,” said one of the men; “they are intended to prevent prisoners from making their escape, or doing mischief.”

“If all,” said I, “who commit crimes against God, were hand-cuffed, how many would be without them?”

“Indeed,” said one, “I fear few, in that case, would be free from them; we should see most of our ladies and gentlemen, as well as our poor, wearing them.”

“Must not God then be very merciful, that he does not affix some mark of ignominy upon all who offend him; — for instance, that he does not deprive the swearer of the faculty of speech, the drunkard of his reason, the lustful of his eyes, and the quarrelsome of his hands, in order to deter others from committing the same crimes?”

As I walked along, I met a FUNERAL, proceeding with solemn step. I said to a man who stood gazing at it,

“Friend, if you go to heaven you will never

see such a sight there ; — and can you tell me why ? ”

“ Because,” said he, “ I suppose people do not die there. We do not bury living people in this world, but only such as are dead.”

“ True,” said I ; “ but why do they not die in heaven as well as on earth ? ”

He could not tell. I told him it was because there is no sin there, that the inhabitants of heaven shall no more say even that they are sick, the people there being delivered from all their iniquity. “ If you heard of a country where none died, though at the uttermost end of the earth, would not you be very anxious to go there ? If you could not pay your passage thither, would you not be willing that the captain should sell you for a slave, on reaching that happy land, in order to pay himself for taking you ? ”

“ That I would,” said the man, with a determined tone of voice.

“ Well, friend, is it not astonishing that so few ask, What shall I do to inherit eternal life ? Is it not because they disbelieve all that God says respecting the world to come ? If a

single letter is received from America, by a person in England, stating that it will be greatly to his advantage to settle there, the statement will be believed, if it comes from a man of wisdom and integrity, and a thousand to one but the person instantly begins to prepare for crossing the Atlantic Ocean. But though God expatiates in his word upon the glories, riches and boundless happiness of the heavenly state, and earnestly entreats men to come and take possession of it, yet few comparatively are at all influenced by what he says; they treat the whole as an idle tale. What will God do with such men? Will he not cast them from his presence, and signally punish them for their obstinacy and stupidity?"

Some SHEEP were passing along to the butcher's in order to be slaughtered. They made no resistance, no noise; but walked on peaceably.

"Now," said I, "the Son of God went as peaceably and willingly to be put to death for

sin, as you see these sheep going to their death, that he might obtain eternal redemption for them who should believe on him. He well knew the value of the soul of man, though most men neglect and despise his salvation; but do not you do it any longer."

"I never despised his salvation," said the man, rather angrily.

I asked him if he had ever trusted in Christ for the salvation of his soul. He said he had not.

"Well," said I, "that is despising his salvation. Though you may not have derided it with your lips, you have done it by your practice. If a man fall into the river, and I go to him in a boat to save him, and he will not come into my boat, but says he will take his own way in saving himself, is not that despising me and my help?"

"Most certainly."

"In a similar way do such as neglect the Saviour and his salvation, despise both. Or suppose that the man who is to be hanged to-morrow, were to receive a written pardon from the king, but he threw it into a corner of his

cell, and never presented it to the executioners of justice, and consequently was hanged; would not every one say that that man despised the king's clemency? So will every man appear to have done who neglects the salvation of Christ."

As I walked on towards London, I observed many things which indicated that something uncommon was to take place to-day. I asked a man what such and such things meant.

"What!" said the man, "do you live under ground, or in the upper regions, that you do not know PEACE is to be PROCLAIMED to-day?"

I told him peace was proclaimed every day. With a contemptuous sneer, he asked me if peace with France was proclaimed every day. I said no; but peace with a higher power was.

"What power," asked he, "is greater than France?"

I answered, "God; and he proclaims peace to men every day."

“Pray,” said he, “where?”

“In his word.”

“In his word?” said he; “what or where is that?”

“The Bible is his word; it is God speaking to man from heaven; and, friend,” said I, “if you believe not in that peace that is proclaimed to you through the sufferings of Jesus for sin, it will fare hard with you in the world to come.”

The man became a little more civil, and listened attentively to some other remarks that I made. After which, he said that he had traversed the streets of London for more than thirty years, and never got good advice from any man till to-day.

“Well,” said I, “see that you profit by what you have heard; if you do not, you will regret it forever and ever.”

XIII.

Elegant Mansion. — Two Men Returning from Market. —
A Sieve. — Servant Girl.

IN my walk this morning I observed some men building an ELEGANT MANSION for a rich man. I inquired of the workmen how long it was likely that building would stand. They said probably for two or three hundred years. Upon which I assured them it was too feeble a fabric for me; "I was seeking for a house that should last forever."

"O," said several of the workmen, "you will not meet with such a mansion in this world; you must have recourse to some other region; for everything here perishes with the using."

"Well," said I, "friends, I am daily seeking from God an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; and I trust he will

give it me ; and I think your daily occupation should constantly remind you that it is your interest also to seek the same eternal house for a residence beyond the grave.

“ God is at present rearing a building of mercy ; men and women are the stones, and Jesus the Son of God is the chief corner-stone. This building began in the days of Adam ; a great part of it is now finished ; there was a first and there shall be a last stone, which shall be put on with shoutings of Grace ! grace !

“ Consider, my friends, whether you make part of this precious building, for all others at the end of the world shall be cast, as useless and worthless materials, into everlasting burnings.

“ There is not one dead or useless stone in this divine building, all are made and kept alive by the heavenly Architect. Jesus is the Collector of the stones ; they are all dead when he comes to them ; but he speaks to these dead stones, through his Gospel, and his word is powerful, so that they hear his voice, and are made willing to form part of the glorious build-

ing; and they become an habitation of God through the Spirit."

One of the workmen thanked me for my remarks, and afterwards observed that their stones, after coming from the quarry, required a deal of hewing and polishing before they were fit for the building.

"So do Christ's," said I, "for this is a preparatory world; his stones are fitted here for occupying their appointed places in the building above, and some of the stones are so hard that they require many years' polishing before they can with propriety be removed. As Solomon prepared, at a distance, all the materials for building the temple at Jerusalem, that no sound of hammers and chisels might be heard at the edifice while it was rearing, so does God respecting the heavenly temple; he removes their imperfections so completely here, that they appear perfect before God when they come to Zion."

Some of the men appeared really desirous that their lot might be in the house of the Lord forever. I earnestly advised them to ask this favor from the Lord of the house; I assured

them he was the friend of sinners, and would in no wise cast out them that came to him for any favor, and pointed to the very passage where he said so.

One of the men who had been listening to the conversation at a distance, came forward, and said, rather in a scoffing manner,

“I fear I am too rough and hard-hearted a fellow to make a good stone in the building you have been telling us of.”

I asked him if he thought he was more so than Manasseh the murderer, or Saul the persecutor; for these men had been made holy and happy through the riches and power of divine mercy and grace; — “and supposing you to be worse than either of these men,” said I, “yet nothing is too hard or difficult for an omnipotent Saviour to accomplish. He came to save the chief of sinners, and he is perfectly able to accomplish the work he undertook.”

These few hints made the man a little more serious. One of his comrades, observing this, said, smiling a little,

“I think, Tom, your mouth is closed for once.”

“These are too serious subjects to trifle with,” said I; “you had better think seriously of them when you retire from work.”

Leaving the builders, and walking a little further, I met TWO MEN RETURNING FROM MARKET, of whom I inquired the state of the markets. They assured me that everything sold at such high prices, that they were almost afraid to purchase anything. I told them I was sorry that the necessaries of life were so difficult to be obtained by the poor; but I was happy to know a market where invaluable necessaries were to be had for nothing; that a public crier had proclaimed to the poor, who had no money, to come and buy even wine and milk, without money and without price.

The two men looked at each other, as if they suspected that I was attempting to impose on their credulity. After a little pause, one of them inquired where the market was of which I had spoken.

I told them the language I had used was metaphorical, at the same time that it was con-

tained in the Scriptures, and meant that the blessings of salvation were to be had of Christ for the asking, without any prerequisite whatever.

“To assist you to understand me, allow me to state an anecdote respecting myself.

“When I first was convinced that I was a guilty sinner before God, and thereby exposed to his wrath forever, I became exceedingly uneasy, and could hardly either eat or sleep. There were two things at that time which I valued more highly than the aggregate wealth of both the Indies, namely, *pardon* and *peace*. Had I possessed ten thousand worlds, I surely would have been willing to have parted with them to purchase these two blessings. But I found they were not to be purchased with money. On reading the Scriptures, I found that God had provided a righteousness in his own Son, and, if I believed therein, that it would entitle me to all the blessings I stood in need of. The grace of God taught me to believe what I read; then I was assured of pardon, and possessed of peace.

“Thus I became one of the happiest men in

the world. I owe all to the infinite love of God in giving his Son, whom he has made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption.

“To the Son, in becoming a sacrifice for sin, and dying for the ungodly.

“And to the Spirit of God, in directing me, a poor sinner, to this all-sufficient Saviour.”

“O,” said one of them, “that is not the way I wish to be saved ; a good life — works, sir, is the way to get to heaven.”

“As you think works can procure heaven. does your life abound with these good works ?”

“Not yet,” said he ; “but I hope it will before I die.”

“I have no doubt, my friend, but you will live in the delusive hope of becoming better at some future period, till the day of your death, unless you come to the Son of God for a righteousness to entitle you to heaven. You must be a new man, a believer in the Son of God, before any of your works can please God ; you must first know how to live by faith on the Son of God, how to look to him for grace,

how to obey from love, and for the glory of the Lord, before you will do anything aright."

The man replied that he was not master of the matter we were discussing, only that he had always heard we were to be saved by our good deeds; such as charity to the poor, and going to church or meeting, and some such things, and he thought it very rational.

"You may think it rational, but it is not scriptural; that is, it is not the way God says we shall be saved. The Scriptures say he that believes in Christ shall be saved, and that all who are saved shall abound in good works. Remember, too, that God publishes a salvation that is suited to the condition of every creature.

"This remark reminds me of a visit which a friend of mine made to a young man under sentence of death for forgery, and who was near the time of his execution. He preached to him from the word of God the message of mercy; that there was salvation, complete and present salvation, for him in Christ.

“ ‘No, no,’ said the young man, ‘by good works alone we can be saved.’

“ ‘Then, upon your principles,’ said my friend, ‘you cannot be saved ; for you, who are chained to that floor, and have no connection with any creature, cannot perform these good works.’

“ Wherefore, he advised him to look only to the work of Christ, by which he perfectly glorified his Father in the room of sinners, by which he magnified and made honorable forever the law of God.”

The man then asked, “Is a person who has believed in Christ, afterwards to live as he pleases ?”

“In a certain sense he is, for what pleases God will then please him, and only that ; for if he at any time deviates in heart or life from any of the commandments of his God whom he loves, he will condemn himself, and ask forgiveness from his God through the blood of his Son. He makes the will or command of God his rule of conduct.” Here our conversation was interrupted.

Observing SIEVES for sale in a shop that I was passing, I called and made a purchase of one. While examining the soundness of the sieves, I remarked to those in the shop, that these sieves were a striking resemblance of too many minds.

“How so?” said the shopman.

“Because,” said I, “the sieve lets the good grain or the good liquor run through it, and only retains the chaff or the refuse. Now there are many men who can remember nothing about God, or the things of God that they hear, but are remarkably retentive of whatever is foolish, vain, slanderous, or trifling.”

“You are very right,” said a woman, who was also making a purchase; “for we remember well things we should forget, and which we sometimes wish to forget, and cannot remember what we should, and often what we really wish to remember.”

“Yes,” replied I, “for example, we should all remember, every day, that we are to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ to answer for all our conduct here; and it would do us

much good to remember it ; yet it is probable not one of us has thought upon it to-day."

I asked every one present, one after another, whether they had or not ; and all honestly acknowledged they had not.

"From this day to the day of your death," said I to each, "let the sieve be a memorial of the corruption of your minds, and of the necessity of calling daily upon God to put his laws into your minds, and to write them on your hearts."

On returning home in the evening, a SERVANT GIRL, belonging to a pious family, was waiting to request a Bible to send to her sister in the country.

"So you consider the Bible to be a valuable book, do you ?" said I.

"Yes," said she, "indeed, I do ; but I only knew it to be so since I came to the family with which I now live. When I came there I could not read. For some time I endeavored to conceal this ; but my mistress pointed out a chapter for me to read in the kitchen, and

afterwards to tell her something about it. I was then obliged to confess I could not read; that my parents had never put me to school. Being indifferent, alas! about their own souls, they were equally so about those of their children. When my mistress knew my situation, she purchased a spelling-book, and gave me a lesson every evening after my work was done. Three weeks ago, while reading of the sufferings of Christ, I was very much distressed about my soul. I told my mistress what I felt. She gave me much good advice, and has conversed with me every day, since that time, about something or other in the Scriptures. To convince you how anxious she is about me, only last night, when we had a company of good people to tea, she told me that I should hear some things in their conversation that would do me good. But I was very much disappointed, indeed; for they only conversed about who was the best preacher, some new books that had lately been published, about some societies, and things of that kind; but there was nothing for me, nothing about Jesus."

After marking many chapters in the Bible

for her to read, and giving her a copy to send to her sister, I retired, looking to God for a blessing on all that had occurred during my walk.

WALKING WITH GOD.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER

IN AMERICA.

HAVING tarried a few days in a beautiful village of the west, I embarked in a vessel which was crossing one of the great lakes. Three other individuals had taken passage, and night coming on found us waiting for a breeze.

About nine o'clock, as the sails were hoisted, another passenger came on board. When we had cleared the harbor, he entered the cabin, and seemed to suppose that he was alone ; for we had all retired to our berths. The lamp was burning dimly on the table, but it afforded sufficient light for me to discover that he was young. Seating himself beside it, he drew a book from his pocket, and read a few minutes. Suddenly, from on deck, was heard the voice of the captain, uttering oaths terrific beyond description. The youth arose, laid his book

on the chair, and, kneeling beside it, in a low whisper engaged in prayer. I listened attentively, and, though his soul seemed to burn within him, I could gather only an occasional word, or part of a sentence, such as "mercy," "dying heathen," "sinners," &c. Presently he seemed in an agony of spirit for those swearers, and could scarcely suppress his voice while pleading with God to have mercy on them. My soul was stirred within me. There was a sacredness in this place, and I was self-condemned, knowing that I also professed the name of Jesus, and had retired with my fellow-passengers to rest, not having spoken of God, or committed myself to his care.

Early in the morning I was awakened by a loud voice at the door of the companion-way, "Here, whose tracts are these?" followed by other voices in threats and imprecations against tract distributors, bethels, temperance societies, &c.

I thought of the young stranger, and feared they would execute their threats upon him; but he calmly said, "Those tracts, sir, are mine. I have but a few, as you see; but they

are very good, and you may take one if you wish. I brought them on board to distribute, but you were all too busy last night." The sailor smiled, and walked away, making no reply.

We were soon called to breakfast with the captain and mate. When we were seated at the table, — "Captain," said our young companion, "as the Lord supplies all our wants, if neither you nor the passengers object, I should like to ask his blessing on our repast."

"If you please," replied the captain, with apparent good will.

In a few minutes the cook was on deck, and informed the sailors, who were instantly in an uproar, and their mouths filled with curses. The captain attempted to apologize for the profanity of his men, saying, "It was perfectly common among sailors, and they meant no harm by it."

"With your leave, captain," said the young man, "I think we can put an end to it."

Himself a swearer, and having just apologized for his men, the captain was puzzled for an answer; but after a little hesitation, replied,

"I might as well attempt to sail against a head wind, as to think of such a thing."

"But I mean all I said," added the young man.

"Well, if you think it possible, you may try it," said the captain.

As soon as breakfast was over, the eldest and most profane of the sailors seated himself on the quarter-deck to smoke his pipe. The young man entered into conversation with him, and drew from him the history of the adventures of his life. From his boyhood he had followed the ocean. He had been tossed on the billows in many a tempest; had visited several missionary stations in different parts of the world, and gave his testimony to the good effects of missionary efforts among the natives of the Sandwich Islands. Proud of his nautical skill, he at length boasted that he could do anything that could be done by a sailor.

"I doubt it," said the young man.

"I can," answered the hardy tar; "and will not be outdone,—my word for it."

"Well, when a sailor passes his word, he ought to be believed. I know a sailor who

resolved that he would stop swearing, and did so."

"Ah!" said the old sailor, "you have anchored me; I'm fast; but I can do it."

"I know you can," said the young man, "and I hope you will anchor all your ship-mates' oaths with yours."

Not a word of profanity was afterwards heard on board the vessel. During the day, as opportunity presented itself, he conversed with each sailor singly, on the subject of his soul's salvation, and gained the hearts of all.

After supper he requested of the captain the privilege of attending worship in the cabin. His wishes were complied with, and soon all on board, except the man at the helm, were assembled. The captain brought out a Bible, which he said was given him in early life by his father, with a request that he would never part with it. We listened as our friend read Matthew's account of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection; and then, looking round upon us, he said,

"He is risen; yes, Jesus lives; let us worship him."

It was a melting scene. Knees, that seldom bowed before, now knelt at the altar of prayer, while the solemnities of eternity seemed hanging over us. After prayer we went on deck and sung a hymn. It was a happy place — a *floating Bethel*. Instead of confusion and wrath, there were peace and solemnity. We ceased just as the setting sun was flinging upon us his last cheering rays.

The captain, deeply affected, went into the cabin, lit his lamp, took his Bible, and was engaged in reading till we had retired to rest.

After this, for three days, we regularly attended public worship, and had much interesting conversation on various subjects; for there was nothing in the religion of the young stranger to repress the cheerfulness of social intercourse. From his familiarity with the Bible, his readiness in illustrating its truths and presenting its motives, and from his fearless, but judicious and persevering steps, we concluded that he was a minister of the Gospel. From all he saw, he gathered laurels to his Master's feet, and in all his movements aimed to show that eternity was not to be tri-

fled with. A few hours before we arrived in port, we ascertained that he was a *mechanic*.

Before we reached the wharf the captain came forward, and with much feeling bade him farewell; declared that he was resolved to live as he had done no longer; his wife, he said, was a Christian, and he meant to go and live with her; and added,

“I have had ministers as passengers on my vessel, Sabbath days and week days, but never before have I been so touchingly reminded of the family altar where my departed parents knelt.”

As we left the vessel, every countenance showed that our friend had, by his decided, yet mild and Christian faithfulness, won the gratitude of many, and the esteem of all.

We soon found ourselves in a canal boat, where were about thirty passengers of various ages and characters, and my curiosity was not a little excited to learn how my companion would proceed among them. The afternoon had nearly passed away, and he had conversed with no one but myself. At length he inquired

of the captain if he were willing to have prayers on board.

“I have no objection,” said he, “if the passengers have not ; but I shan’t attend.”

At an early hour the passengers were invited into the cabin, and in a few minutes the captain was seated among them. After reading a short portion of Scripture, our friend made a few appropriate remarks, and earnestly commended us to God.

As soon as he rose from prayer, a gentleman, whose head was whitened for the grave, said,

“Sir, I should like to converse with you. I profess to be a deist ; I once professed religion, but now I believe it is all delusion.”

“Sir,” said the young man, “I respect age, and will listen to you ; and, as you proceed, may perhaps ask a few questions ; but I cannot debate ; I can only say that I must love Jesus Christ. He died to save me, and I am a great sinner.”

“I do not deny that men are sinners,” said the old man, “but I don’t believe in Christ.”

“Will you then tell us how sinners can be

saved in some other way, and God's law be honored ? ”

We waited in vain for a reply, when my friend proceeded :

“ Not many years since, I was an infidel, because I did not love the truth, and was unwilling to examine it. Now I see my error ; and the more I study the Bible, the firmer is my conviction of its truth, and that there is no way of salvation but through a crucified Redeemer.”

As the passengers sat, engaged in conversation, one of them at length turned to our young friend, and related the circumstances of a murder recently perpetrated by a man in the neighborhood, while in a fit of intoxication. To this all paid the strictest attention. The captain joined them to hear the story, the conclusion of which afforded an opportunity for the stranger to begin his work. He was the advocate of temperance as well as religion, and here gained some friends to this cause.

“ But,” said he, at length, “ though intoxication occasions an immense amount of misery in our world, I recollect one instance of murder

with which it had no connection." He then related, as nearly as I can remember, the following story :

"In a populous city of the East was a man who seemed to live only for the good of others. He daily exhibited the most perfect benevolence toward his fellow-men ; sought out the poor and needy, and relieved their wants ; sympathized with and comforted the sick and afflicted ; and though he was rich, his unsparing beneficence clothed him in poverty. He deserved the esteem of all ; yet he had enemies. He took no part in politics, yet many feared that his generosity was a cloak of ambition, and that he was making friends in order to secure to himself the reins of government. Others feared that his religious views, connected with his consistent life, would expose their hypocrisy. At length a mock trial was held by an infuriated mob, and he was condemned and put to death."

"Where was that ? When was it ? Who was it ?" was heard from several voices.

"It was in the city of Jerusalem, and the person were none other than the Lord Jesus

Christ. By his enemies he was hung upon the cross, and for us guilty sinners he died."

Every eye was fixed upon the young man, and a solemn awe rested on every countenance. He opened a Bible which lay upon the table, and read the account of Christ's condemnation and death; the captain nodded to him as a signal for prayer, and we all again fell on our knees while he wept over the condition of sinners, and, for the sake of Christ, besought God's mercy upon them. Here again was a floating Bethel.

In the morning, the stranger was not forgotten; and he evidently did not forget that there were immortal souls around him, hastening with him to the bar of God. During the day he conversed separately with each individual, except an elderly gentleman who had followed him from seat to seat, and showed much uneasiness of mind; the realities of eternity were set before us, and the Holy Spirit seemed to be striving with many hearts.

As the mantle of evening was drawing around us, our friend requested an interview with the aged man.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I have been wishing

all day to see you, but you have been talking with others."

He acknowledged that he had tried to be a Universalist; and, though he could not rest in that belief, he never, until the previous evening, saw his lost condition.

"And now," said he, "I want you to tell me what I shall do."

The young man raised his eyes to heaven, as if imploring the Spirit's influences, and then briefly explained the nature and reasonableness of repentance and faith, accompanied by a few striking illustrations in proof of the justice of God in condemning, and his mercy in pardoning sinners.

The old man saw the plan of redemption so clearly that he burst into tears, and exclaimed,

"O, my soul! my soul! How have I sinned against God! I see it, I feel it; yes, I have sinned all my days."

"But Jesus died to save sinners," replied the young man; "will you, my friend, give him your heart?"

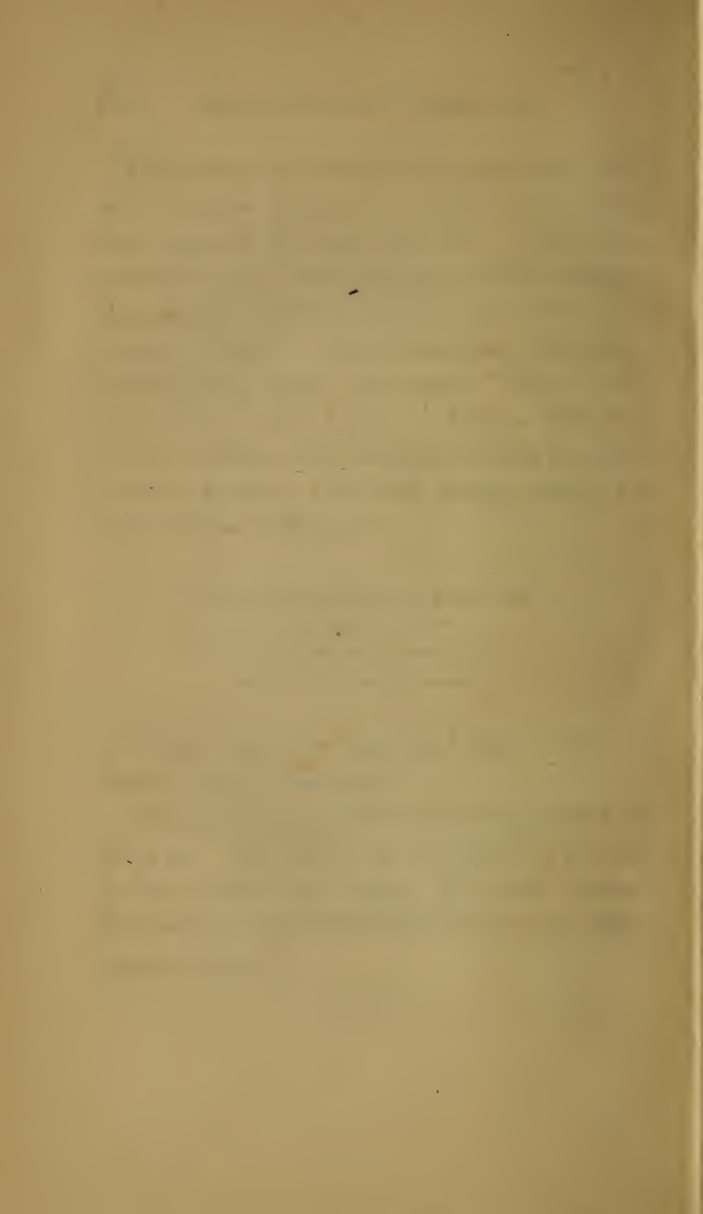
"O yes, yes! if I had a thousand hearts he should have all," was the answer.

The young man turned away and wept. For some minutes silence was broken only by the deep sighs of the aged penitent. There was something, in an hour like this, awfully solemn. Heaven was rejoicing, I doubt not, over a returning prodigal. As he stood alone and wept, he reiterated again and again, "Yes, I will serve God ; I will, I will." After a time, his feelings became more calm, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, with both hands raised, he broke out in singing, —

“ ‘There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.’ ”

And then again he wept and said, "Yes, Jesus ! precious Saviour !"

The time had come for our young friend to leave us. By his zeal in his Master's service he had stolen our hearts, and each pressed forward to express their friendship in an affectionate farewell.



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